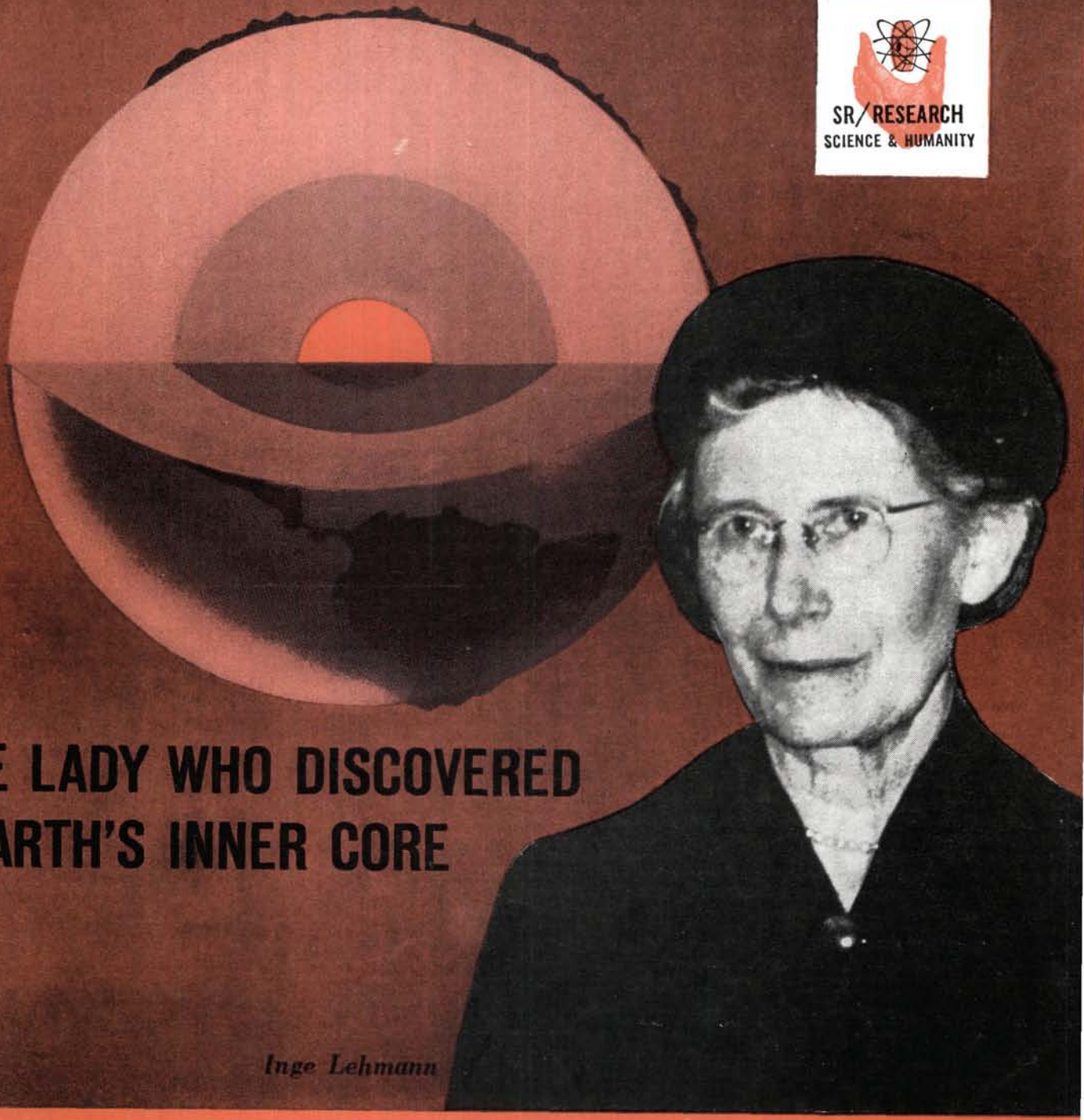
Saturday Review

AUGUST 5, 1961 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



THE LADY WHO DISCOVERED EARTH'S INNER CORE

Inge Lehmann

THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION IN U.S. HISTORY
– And How the President Is I

BY JOSEPH ALSOP

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World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

PLUS 20 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 6, 1962, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1961.

SR's 1960 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Joseph C. Zavatt of Woodmere, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for color. Judge Zavatt won a round-trip to the Orient with his photograph of a Yemenite Rabbi.

Paul Petroff of Great Neck, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for black-and-white. Mr. Petroff's photograph of a Mexican girl won him a round-trip to Rome.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1960, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1961, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1962. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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AUGUST 5, 1961

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(Advertisement)

A nice, easy assumption about summer readers is that they choose to stretch out on the sand with nice, easy books. I'm as addicted to sloth and froth as most but July-August reading is precious: I use the time to read the books, often those of other publishers, that constant reading as an editor does not permit.

This year, such a book is Doubleday's *The Faith of a Heretic,* by Walter Kaufmann. It is not a book designed to give me a gentle push as I laze in a comfortable hammock; it's clearly meant to push me out of the hammock, to land, preferably, on my head where into the spinning mind a little light may enter.

This isn't to say that Kaufmann's head-rattling and belief-shaking book does the reader violence. The only thing it violates is the torpor of unthinking placidity. "What keeps most men in 'Christian' countries from being heretics," he writes, "is that they do not publicly avow their disbelief: it is in better taste to be casual about lost beliefs, and a note of wistfulness generally ensures forgiveness." Many do not know that they deny doctrines, he says, because they have never bothered to find out what the doctrines really are.

Such statements by a man who, after being a Christian and a Jew, has rejected all orthodoxies, are not apt to win him any Happy Summer Reading awards. Nor will they necessarily force a reader to relinquish any beliefs he may hold or profess. But the reader who goes along in this stimulating "common quest" will find that the faith he saves is apt to be his own.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Faith of a Heretic ($4.95) by Walter Kaufmann, Associate Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University, is published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Copies of the book may be found at your local bookseller including any one of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 3301 W. Central Ave., Toledo 6, Ohio.

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HIROSHIMA

"We have reached the conclusion that inhumanity begins with the contempt and neglect of the individual. The atomic weapon is the end product of this indifference toward the many individual, inexchangeable and irreplaceable human beings. We must protest against the bomb."

So says a survivor of the bombing of Hiroshima in one of the most important books of the fall season. The book *Children of the Ashes*, by Robert Jungk, is condensed in August Redbook. It is compulsory reading for anyone concerned with the horrifying potential of nuclear warfare.

HERESY

"How does a representative group of theological students feel about the 'Dean Pike heresy'? About half of them agree with him! Only 44 per cent believe in the virgin birth of Christ. Only 29 per cent believe there is a real heaven and hell."

In a revealing survey of the nation's divinity students, Redbook shows what the new Protestant clergy believes about subjects ranging from mixed marriage to the concept of "Original Sin."

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

JULY WAS the month when the cold war practically broke out into hot war—at Berlin, at Bizerte, and, last but not least, at Bull Run. For, through the courtesy of the First Manassas Corporation, (which put on the show—for $4 top), the Civil War Centennial began in earnest with the re-enactment on July 22 of the first great battle of the War. It was, of course, a gay, rollicking, picnicking, holiday affair. And just to be sure they had kept the atmosphere right, before the battle they camouflaged the statue of America's greatest general—the man who, one hundred years ago, stood so firm with his thin, gray line on that same field, that they gave him the nickname of "Stonewall."

And, of course, they also concluded the celebration before the rout of the Union troops—before they broke and fled in disorder and ran, pell-mell, twenty-five miles back to Washington. Instead of that, at the end the First Manassas Corp. had the Northern and Southern units come back on the field and sing "America the Beautiful" and "God Bless America."

Somehow, as we watched it—the rollicking and the picnicking and the difficulty of getting "volunteers" to play dead—we wondered about it all. We wondered, for example, how, when it came time, they were going to "celebrate" another July, two years from now. This would be the celebration of say, the third day at Gettysburg, at 3 p.m., when, moving out from Seminary Ridge, 15,000 men in gray, under General George Pickett, started the hopeless charge at the very center of the Federal lines—the charge which would forever seal the doom of the Confederacy.

The Union soldiers could hardly believe their eyes that day. For those ragged regiments moved out in a kind of weird silence—their supporting artillery was, incredibly, out of ammunition. But they moved out in parade order, with nineteen battle flags flying. The pride of the Army of Northern Virginia, Douglas Southall Freeman called them —"city dwellers and the sons of great planters, men from the tidal waters and from the hungry mountains, scholars and illiterates, the inheritors of historic names and the unrenowned sons of the poor." And, once clear of the woods, the line was actually "dressed" by its field officers, hardly a one of whom, along with 6,000 of the men, would be alive a few moments later when, at the "High Water Mark," at "Bloody Angle," General Lewis Armistead pierced, for a brief time, the Federal lines.

But let us not stop with "celebrating" the Southern heroes. For, when we come to that other July, let us look at the other side, at the precise part of the Union line which Pickett charged. Here there was a battery—one commanded by a young officer by the name of Alonzo H. Cushing. Mary Elizabeth Sergeant, West Point historian, has best told of the story of this slender, "almost girlish" young man:

> On that third day at Gettysburg the Union line was pierced through no fault of Alonzo Cushing's. He fought while his limbers were blown up and his caissons shot to matchwood. He fought while his guns were disabled one by one. He fought while his gunners died at his side. He was wounded, bandaged the wounds, and fought on. His second in command was killed. Every other officer in the battery was gone. Cushing took a ball through his right shoulder. Still he refused to leave his guns. White to the lips from loss of blood, he ordered Sergeant Fuger to hold him on his feet.
>
> He fell into Fuger's arms, wounded again. This time the shrapnel had torn open the lower part of his abdomen. That was a mortal wound, but Cushing clamped his left arm against his torn belly, struggled to his feet and continued to whisper perfectly rational orders to his frantic sergeant.
>
> At last only a single gun was left. It was triple-charged with cannister, the very last of the battery's ammunition. The few remaining men managed to run it down to the wall. As Alonzo Cushing jerked the lanyard, a bullet sped between his parted lips and slammed into the base of his brain. The sergeant laid him on the bloody grass, just as the Confederate General Lewis Armistead leaped on the wall, put his hand on the still-smoking gun, and then fell, mortally wounded, beside it.

At the Military Academy at West Point, there is a small monument to Alonzo H. Cushing. It was donated by his class and, Miss Sergeant says, "it bears a headstone of the type a class buys for someone whom it really loved." On it is written Cushing's name and the inscription: "4th Artillery—fell July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg." Underneath is also inscribed "Faithful unto Death."

Perhaps, when we come to "celebrating," on July 3, 1963, we should, during the celebration, camouflage that monument too.

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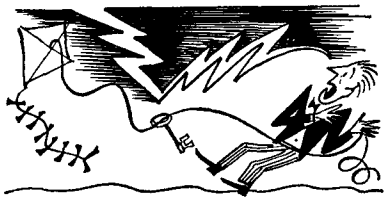
TRADE Winds

HERE'S AN INTERESTING, little-known historical fact dug up by someone in Tulsa and reported by Troy Gordon. It concerns Alexander the Great and the crude timepiece he designed for his soldiers. It consisted of a chemically treated cloth worn on the left forearm.

Under the heat of the sun, the cloth changed colors each hour and provided Macedonian troopers with the world's first wristwatch. Among historians it is known as "Alexander's Rag Timeband."



ANOTHER GOOD STORY has been exposed as myth (but it won't make any difference). An expert on the subject Peter Viemeister, has written "The Lightning Book" (Doubleday), full of information about that destructive and capricious phenomenon.

One way to become an expert on lightning is never to fly a kite during a thunderstorm with a key attached to the end of the line. I guess I should say *live* expert. According to Mr. Viemeister, the legend of Ben Franklin and his famous experiment is as full of baloney as the one about Washington and the cherry tree. If a stroke of lightning had made contact with the kite, that would have been the end of poor Benjamin. His epitaph might have said:

"He learned more about lightning than was absolutely necessary."

"WHEN I WAS studying acting," Jay Williams told me, "I kept hearing that 'an actor has to have energy.' I found that you can draw energy from yourself, and the more you draw, the more there is."

Williams has been to the energy well a lot, but apparently not too often. His newest novel, "The Forger" (Atheneum), is the latest in a series of literary accomplishments that have included a dozen books for young people, a couple of adult nonfiction books and five popular historical novels. He also writes stories for science-fiction magazines; there are people who think him famous only for that.

Right now the fellow is working on another Danny Dunn book, a new modern novel, a history of chivalry for children, a historical biography, and a musical show.

You'd think such a busy writer would be holed up in some remote alcazar where he could get something done. But Williams has a studio within arm's reach of his home in Redding, Connecticut, and what's more he has a telephone on his desk! That's there so the people in town can always get in touch with him regarding the community affairs he has become involved in.

He was a Cubmaster for five years, president of the PTA, a lecturer for the Grange, and right now he's managing and acting with the Redding Players. You see, Williams was an actor, stage manager, and press agent in the Thirties, before he started on the professional writing jag. Before that he wanted to be a painter. He studied one year at the Art Students League, but quit after a friend came and looked at some of his work.

"Why did you make that face green?" the friend inquired.

"Green? That's ochre!" Williams replied. It was then he discovered he is color blind.

JAY WILLIAMS likes to get his facts right in his historical writings. Recently he was dealing with the period of the Norman conquest, and he wanted to know whether furred arrows could have penetrated shields of linden wood covered with leather. As president of The Pootatuck Archers of Fairfield County, he didn't find it difficult to set up a demonstration. The archers shot simulated furred arrows at simulated linden wood and found out. (My notes are blurred. I don't know the answer.)

Not only can Williams write between phone calls to the PTA, but he managed to work in such places as Majolca, and Malvern, England, while sort of vacationing there with his family. It came in handy when he was writing "The Siege," set in 1209.

Could a thirteenth-century helmet be twisted on a warrior's head so that he couldn't see out of the eye slits? Williams had to know, because a key

INSIDE NATIONWIDE

THE ROAD,— WINTER

SOME VISITORS to our home office are understandably startled to step from an Autotronic Traffic-Timed elevator on the seventh floor (with the Muzak playing, maybe, *Everything's Coming Up Roses*) and find themselves in the 19th century.

Somehow, you just don't expect a modern, progressive, heads-up insurance organization to collect Currier and Ives prints. But there they are, dozens of them. One young man said it's like catching Elvis playing Nelson Eddy records.

When the shock wears off, though, and visitors begin looking at the prints, it isn't uncommon for a group on a tour to lose a member or two in Currier and Ives' America. The prints are that fascinating.

Nathaniel Currier and James Merrit Ives never thought of their product as art. They were lithographers, making and merchandising what their catalog called "elegant and saleable pictures for the people." Yet, Currier and Ives prints are eagerly sought by collectors today and are sometimes hung in galleries, just down the hall from a Rembrandt or Picasso.

Why? The answer probably lies in the words from the catalog, "pictures for the people." The firm catered to the popular taste, and people wanted simple pictures of familiar scenes. As a result, Currier and Ives documented 19th century American life, creating a pictorial record that increases in value—and charm—with each passing year.

There are 330 prints in the Nationwide Currier and Ives collection, and a great many of them are in our seventh floor gallery. Next time you're in Columbus, we'd be happy to have you stop in and see them. Allow yourself plenty of time, though; you can't enjoy the 19th century if you're double-parked.

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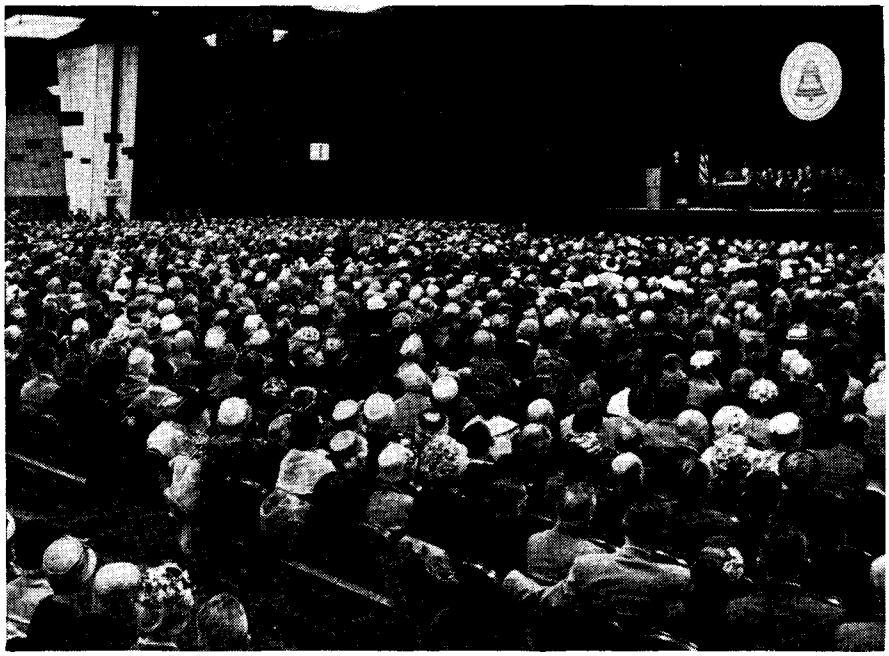

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

scene in the book comes when the hero kills his best friend by mistake.

To the Tower of London went Jay Williams. Humor the eccentric American author, they said. So he put on a thirteenth-century helmet and got the answer. Not only that, but he had one of the guards strike him with a broad sword so he could get the feel of battle, so to speak. There was a loud, unpleasant ringing sound, Williams tells me.

Maybe it was the PTA calling.

SHARPS AND FLATS: I asked John J. Daly of the Alaskan News Service for his card and he explained why he had none. Seems he arrived in Washington fifty years ago and got a job with the *Post*. He ordered 100 business cards and the day they were delivered he was fired.

"I've never carried a card since," he said.

►At Prentice-Hall they were pleased to receive a copy of the German edition of their best-selling "Life with Women —And How to Survive It." Then someone translated the back jacket, which said about the author:

"Dr. Joseph Peck, born in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, was one of the first doctors in the Connecticut desert, which was only settled after 1900."

►Hugh Burr says a lot of Democrats are wondering when Senator Goldwater's "The Conscience of a Conservative" will appear in a mossback edition.

►A Canadian who has just returned from a business trip to China writes me that a sign in a factory in Shanghai translates like this: "When boys and girls cooperate production goes much faster."

►And a fellow who won't have his name used deposes that a big conference broke up last week with the presiding officer declaring, "Now let's keep our ears to the ground and see which way the wind blows."

—Jerome M. Beatty.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1427)

ALAN MOOREHEAD:
THE WHITE NILE

In the Victorian age, explorers' books exerted an extraordinary power over people's minds. They supplied the drama and entertainment that now belong to the documentary cinema and television. They had the quality of science fiction.

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 5, 1961

THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION IN U. S. HISTORY

—*And How the President Is Facing It*

Few American writers and news analysts have been on more intimate terms with living history than Joseph Alsop. His reports reflect first-hand observations, a detailed knowledge of the salient facts, and, not infrequently, direct access to the men who make the decisions. Mr. Alsop covered the Vienna meeting between President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev. This article deals with the principal issues considered at that meeting and the courses of action subsequently weighed by the President of the United States. The question as Mr. Alsop defines it is, essentially, whether the United States should risk something close to national suicide in order to avoid national surrender. This question also serves as the basis for a companion editorial in this issue. *(See page 20.)*

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE STORY of Western civilization truly begins in the rich flowering of the free states of Greece and especially of Athens. But in 480 B.C., before the real start of this wonderful flowering, the freedom of Athens and of Greece came close to being snuffed out for good by the vast, stifling Oriental despotism of the first Persian empire. Athens the proud, Athens the ever-defiant, Athens with her Akropolis that had not been taken in a thousand years, was the prime target of Xerxes the Great King, with his multitudinous host of gilt-armored Persian "Immortals," and wild Scythians from the far steppes of southern Russia, and dark-faced horsemen from the Indian satrapies—the army of which A. E. Housman wrote:

> The King with half the East at heel
> is marched from lands of morning
> Their fighters drink the rivers up,
> their shafts benight the air
> And he that stands will die for naught,
> and home there's no returning.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, records that the Persian Army quite literally drank dry the smaller streams that lay along its line of advance, just as Housman suggests. Against such a host as this, not even the high rock of the Akropolis could possibly be held for long.

The last, best hope, so the oracle told the Athenians, therefore lay in "the wooden walls"—the fleet of Athens. Even that hope defied the odds, for all the ships of Athens and all the ships of Greece were more than thrice outnumbered by the 1,200 triremes which the Great King had also gathered, from Tyre and Sidon and the rest of the sea-cities subject to Persia. Yet the Athenians would not seek terms from the Great King, although they might have done so. They refused to submit. They obeyed the oracle. They left their city and their homes for the Persians to plunder. The men manned the fleet. The very old, the very young, and the women ferried themselves across the bay, to make a bleak camp on the rocky island of Salamis. For those in the encampment, only death or slavery lay ahead if the fleet failed. For the men in the ships, it was victory or death at sea. But in the outcome Xerxes, enthroned on a high headland to watch his huge armada triumph, instead looked on in anguish while his ships were routed or destroyed. The season was advancing, and the host of the Great King was helpless without naval support. The Persian retreat was ordered; and thus the people of Athens, by risking national suicide, turned back the first great onslaught of the East upon the West.

Those who dare magnificently can hope for magnificent rewards, even though they cannot count upon them. Parts of the still-standing walls of the Akropolis were built with the rubble, and even with the broken statues, of the ancient temples the Persians had thrown down, as though to make way for the Parthenon. Even before the walls began to rise, the boy Sophocles led the youths' dance to celebrate the victory in Salamis Bay. Such were the auguries. On the foundation of their victory over the Persians, the Athenians built almost everything we have in mind when we speak of "the glory that was Greece." And they won another, more somber, sort of reward more than two generations later, when the wonderful flowering was ending and the Greeks had fought among themselves, and Athens had been vanquished, and the Spartans and their allies were considering what sentence to pass upon the fallen city. A majority in the council favored the fearful sentence which the Athenians themselves had passed, alas, on other vanquished cities—killing all the male citizens of military age and selling the rest into slavery. But the Spartans, refusing to requite crime with crime, obstinately argued that it would be impious to destroy this Athens which had also turned the hosts of Persia and saved Greek freedom. Then a man of Phokis rose to chant, full-throated, one

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of the great choruses of Euripides, as though to remind the council of the good fruits of Athens's flowering. And so the vote was for mercy.

Can we, who number close to 200 million in America alone, imitate those old Athenians, whose whole state probably counted less than 300,000 people, free and nonfree, on the day of Salamis? Dare we, should we try to imitate them? They won, but others lost. History records very few displays of unyielding courage to compare with the last defense of Jerusalem, some four decades after the Crucifixion. To take the Holy City, the Emperor Titus had to muster Rome's best legions; and the siege continued until the brave Jewish defenders fainted on the walls from hunger. But in the end, the Temple was razed, and all the surviving people of Jerusalem were put to the sword, and the Ark of the Covenant and Solomon's seven-branched candlesticks were carried in a Roman triumph, as you can see today on the Arch of Titus in the Forum.

It has to be remembered, in truth, that the gamble is never absolutely sure for those who risk suicide in order to avoid surrender. It is needful to remember, also, the difference in scale of modern history; for those defenders of Jerusalem who died to the last man numbered only in the tens of thousands, whereas the victims of a modern nuclear exchange—if one ever occurs—may perhaps be numbered in the tens of millions. And it must be remembered that although many may now have to risk death, few will do this in the manner of the Jews of Jerusalem, by their own conscious, willing choice. This must have been what President Kennedy had in mind on one occasion when he was discussing these and other episodes in the historic past.

"It was less difficult when they could see the enemy from the city walls," he remarked. "If you can see the enemy, you understand well enough that it's a case of you or them."

* * *

HIGH IN THE AIR above France, en route to London from his Vienna meeting with Nikita S. Khrushchev, John Fitzgerald Kennedy first addressed himself to the moral question implied by the foregoing. This is the hardest question of our time—the question the British nuclear disarmers have answered with the slogan "Better Red than dead!"; the question everyone used to duck, by parroting the statement that "Modern weapons have made war unthinkable;" the question whether it is better to risk a war with modern weapons, in order to avoid surrender.

The Vienna meeting had just ended on a note of grimmest irony. At the farewell conference, Khrushchev vowed he would grab Berlin before December ended. He vowed, too, he would fight anyone who tried to stop him. Kennedy heard Khrushchev's threats in stony silence, then replied in six short words.

"It will be a cold winter," he said.

In the plane to London, therefore, the President was forced to think about the terrible choice involved with any risk of war with modern weapons in order to avoid surrender.

The President believed then, and he still believes now, that Khrushchev would not carry his grab for Berlin to the point of a nuclear exchange. He believed then, as he still believes, that Khrushchev would moderate his program if he could only be convinced of the iron resolve of the American people. Yet there was another hard fact that had to be faced—the fact that there is always the off-chance, even if it is only one chance in a hundred, that such beliefs about enemy intentions may not be founded in fact; and that there is always the off-chance, too, of this kind of confrontation ending in an unintended accident. So he mused about the problem for a while, unburdening his mind almost at random for his closest staff members.

If one could think only of oneself, he remarked, it would be an easy problem. He was forty-four. He had had a full, rich, lucky life. He had never, in any case, been troubled by the deep, anxious fear of dying that afflicts some men. In that way, too, he supposed he had been lucky. For the individual, in any case, the duty to make any sacrifice to avert a great national defeat was crystal clear. "If you could think only of yourself," he remarked, "it would be easy to say you'd press the button, and easy to press it, too."

Yet as President, he went on, he could not think only of himself. He had also to think of the next generation, and of those who would come after. "That makes it damned hard," he said. He concluded bluntly that it was a choice, none the less, which might have to be made. Then he dismissed the subject and briskly began his preparations for his London meeting with Prime Minister Macmillan.

This account of the President's initial reaction to his encounter with Khrushchev is only a fragment, though a key fragment, in a much larger mosaic. The mosaic has been put together by consulting all sorts of people who have watched the President in action, who have heard his thoughts and studied his responses, in the harsh period since his moment of truth in Vienna. The aim of this mosaic-making has not been to find out the President's detailed plans for a crunch at Berlin. The aim has been, rather, to try to find out what the President thinks about the vastly graver, more profound question which underlies the Berlin question. This is the basic moral question already posed. In simplest form, it can be phrased as follows:

Is it right to risk something close to national suicide in order to avoid a decisive national surrender?

For us in our times, this question is a hideous novelty. Before the age of the H-bomb, it could not arise, if only because the technological means of destroying many tens of millions of people did not then exist. There was no need to worry about suicide, while suicide was impossible. In the twentieth century we have fought two world wars; and at least in the case of the second world war, those who decided to fight rather than surrender were fully prepared for very heavy casualties. But very heavy casualties are one thing, and the semi-extinction of a nation, now unhappily made possible by H-bombs, is quite another thing.

Therein lies the novelty, or rather, what seems to us to be the novelty, in the question that may soon confront the President as well as all the rest of us. In truth the President is haunted by the difficulty, the incalculably painful character, of the choice he may yet have to make. There was a period, just after his return from Vienna, when this haunting became all but obsessive.

ALMOST as soon as he reached the White House, he got out Eisenhower-ordered studies of the potential American casualties in a nuclear exchange. These studies had been filed and forgotten, under pressure from the Eisenhower budget bureau, because they recommended a costly civil defense program to reduce the casualty lists to acceptable figures. (How many billions of dollars, or how few, one wonders, add up to a reasonable price tag for national insurance on 70,000,000 American lives?) Since no serious civil defense measures had been taken in time, Kennedy was left with the casualty estimates staring him in the face. For a while he had a way of bringing up these mind-searing figures on every imaginable occasion—at the high level planning sessions on Berlin, and at his meetings with Congressional leaders, in staff conferences, and even during quiet evenings with private friends. When the Congressional leaders, even including Vice President Lyndon Johnson, told him that both House and Senate were still sharply hostile to increased civil defense spending, the President answered with a certain savagery:

"And what about *my* responsibility? I'm the one who has to push the button, if it goes that far. I'm convinced it won't go that far, but I can't guar-

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antee it. Do the House and Senate want me to give way in the end?"

This same heavy sense of the burden that has been laid upon him was what led the President to listen with understanding to General de Gaulle's argument for an independent, French-controlled nuclear deterrent. This argument, dismissed by earlier American policy-makers with incomprehension or scorn, is also the argument that led the British into their large (but largely fruitless) outlays on a British deterrent. In its simplest form, this argument is known in military-theoretical circles as "Head's question," being named after Antony Head, the able former British Defense Minister. Head asked his defense planners: "What will the President of the United States do, if and when he is called on to sacrifice New York and Chicago for London and Liverpool?" Head meant, not that the President of the U.S. could be expected to be a poltroon, but that the President's moral burden was excessive, even for a very brave man. As a practical matter, however, the British economy has been unable to sustain the gigantic cost of a serious nuclear deterrent, and especially the cost of the crucial delivery system. The French will have the same problem. Hence Kennedy, while he understood de Gaulle, was unable to agree with him.

"In the practical circumstances," he told de Gaulle "the nuclear responsibility belongs to the President of the United States; and as President, I propose to exercise that responsibility." This answer is known because de Gaulle later cited it to his advisers, as proof of what he called "the real stuff" in the new American President.

Though the President is so sternly determined to "exercise that responsibility" if he has to do so, it is plain from all the foregoing that he has been having grave second thoughts about its sheer weight. It is not at present feasible to disperse and lessen this Presidential burden by the creation of allied nuclear deterrents. It is also doubtful whether this is desirable. But are there not other ways to lessen the President's burden? The answer is that there are three different but interacting ways to do this, which were, however, tragically neglected during the complacent years. Supposing we had not been complacent. Then what should we have done?

First we should have spared no effort to maintain the former commanding American lead in nuclear striking power. The U.S. monopoly of atomic weapons could never, of course, have been maintained. But even in 1953-54, after the monopoly had been broken by Soviet A- and H-bombs, the U. S. still had a great lead in striking power which we could have held. If we had held that lead, it is highly unlikely that the Soviets would be menacing Berlin today. But the former American lead was sacrificed to the convenience of the Bureau of the Budget.

Second, we should have provided adequate conventional military forces, in order to dilute our dependence on nuclear striking power alone. If a nuclear war is literally the only kind of war the U.S. is ready for, we are infinitely more vulnerable to the favorite Soviet salami-tactics. Each individual slice of salami—each separate prop of the Western position at Berlin, for instance—may easily seem too unimportant to justify resort to nuclear weapons. Yet all the slices together will add up to total victory for the Kremlin. This obvious logic was blandly ignored when the "New Look" strategy, leaving almost no non-nuclear military alternatives, was imposed on the Pentagon in the autumn of 1953. Once again, the motive was the defense of the U. S. budget rather than the defense of the U. S.

FINALLY, we should also have acted on the recommendations of those civil defense studies which Kennedy disinterred after Vienna. The decision to risk a nuclear war ("to go to the ultimate," as Kennedy wryly describes it) will always be very terrible. Furthermore, even the greatest efforts to strengthen striking power and to increase conventional forces cannot give complete insurance against the need for such a decision. If worst comes to worst, however, the decision will be far *less* terrible, if what is risked is a casualty list of only one-twentieth, or one-fortieth of the nation, instead of close to 40 per cent of the nation. But to this, too, the Budget Bureau said, "No."

These budget-dictated sins of omission are not set down in a spirit of blame for past folly. Almost everyone shared in the complacency which was the root of the folly. Kennedy himself failed to order any serious corrective action when power passed to him. The moment of truth in Vienna was needed to make the new President think the problem through, and to persuade him to order the defense increases and the emergency civil defense program which he has now ordered. But for the future, first of all, it is vital that everyone should think this problem through, as the President has now seemingly done. It will not be cheap, or easy, or comfortable, to try to regain a lead in striking power, or to maintain larger conventional forces, or to make reasonable arrangements for civil defense. But the modern weapons will not go away. The dilemmas they create, the moral question they pose, will not go away either. The least that can be done, for our own sakes and for the sake of those who will come after, is to take the different kinds of action that will make those dilemmas far easier to resolve, and will much reduce the painfulness of that moral question.

"Suppose we get around the Berlin corner, as I hope and think we shall," President Kennedy has said. "Even so, no one can be sure there won't be another very tough corner later on."

For the present, too, the nature of this moral question is highlighted by the simple fact that this young Presi-

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"What happened to you? Your broom came back hours ago."

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The Unbiased Jamesian

By Granville Hicks

IN 1941 Oscar Cargill, chairman of the English Department at New York University, published "Intellectual America: Ideas on the March," which is, as the title suggests, a kind of cultural history rather than a work of literary criticism in the narrower sense of that term. Because of his primary concern with ideas, one would scarcely have suspected that Cargill would go on to devote himself deeply to the writings of Henry James. Yet that is what he has done, and "**The Novels of Henry James**" (Macmillan, $7.95) is one of the most useful books on James that have ever been written.

Indeed, Cargill is not "strictly a Jamesian," as he says in his preface, but he is, as he puts it mildly, "fond of James." That he is not a Jamesian is a clue to the book's merit, for he is not carried away, as the Jamesians so often are. At the same time, no one can doubt that he does like James, and he shows a warm appreciation of his great qualities.

Cargill limits the study strictly to the novels, although of course he is familiar with and refers to other works. For some reason he does not regard "Washington Square" as a novel, even though it is as long as some of the books he does discuss. Otherwise, he goes straight down the line in chronological order, from "Watch and Ward" to the two unfinished novels, "The Ivory Tower" and "The Sense of the Past."

Cargill examines each novel with care. He discusses the books that may have influenced James; he analyzes the plot and the characters; he comments on the style. But, more than that, he tells us what other critics have said about the novel in question. This, as he announces in the preface, was his primary purpose: "If I have a relatively small contribution to method, it is the journeyman job of elementary synthesis —to grub up out of what has been sometimes a tangle of weeds a floweret to transplant to this garden."

As anyone knows who is at all familiar with what has been written, especially in recent years, and what is now being written about Henry James, Cargill set himself what was not so much a Herculean task as a labor of Sisyphus. Yet he has struggled diligently with this mass of material, and, so far as I can see, there are few important criticisms of James that he has not come to terms with. As you read about each of the novels, you learn —or perhaps are reminded of—what each of a dozen critics has said about it.

—*Drawn for SR, Oct. 30, 1945.*

Henry James

The result, contrary to what might be expected, is fascinating reading. The opinions, as Cargill arranges them, are constantly clashing. Early in the book, for instance, we read: "There exists the widest difference of opinion as to the merits of 'Roderick Hudson.' Dupee calls it 'a museum piece,' Beach regards it as a failure, and Ford Madox Ford labels it 'the final example of 'prentice work.'" F. R. Leavis, however, as Cargill goes on to point out, calls it "an extremely interesting and extremely distinguished novel," and Cargill explains why he thinks Leavis is nearer correct than the others.

This dramatic juxtaposition of differences of opinion is not merely a source of entertainment; it helps us to test the acumen of the critics. Matthiessen, Dupee, Wilson, Spender, and certain other writers on James are so persuasive that, as one reads their books or essays, one is tempted to accept their every judgment. But here we find some of those judgments being challenged by their peers, and thus we are encouraged in a sensible skepticism.

BECAUSE he quotes so much and so skilfully, and keeps himself in the background, one might easily overlook Cargill's own contribution. As he finds his way through what others have written, he draws his own conclusions, and they are always worth thinking about. Often, indeed, though not invariably, he seems nearer right than the critics whose opinions he has marshaled. I think, for instance, that he is particularly good on "The Golden Bowl." On the other hand, I have some doubts about his interpretation of the ending of "The Ambassadors," but, as the book as a whole teaches us, nobody ought to expect to agree with anybody all of the time.

It is not, I am afraid, a book for the beginner; rather, it is for the person who likes James and has read a good deal of him. For such a person, however, whether a teacher or just an appreciative reader, it can be invaluable. From now on, whenever I reread a novel of James's, I shall want to go through the appropriate chapter of this book to refresh my memory as to what Cargill and the other critics have had to say about it and to test my interpretations and judgments by theirs.

The book, moreover, is not merely an aid to the study of Henry James's novels; it is a contribution to the understanding of the nature and function of criticism. Ordinarily, when one critic quotes another, it is either to make use of his support or to refute his opinion. Professor Cargill is interested in presenting a large and fair sample of critical judgments, and thus we come to see the limitations of criticism. One man, committed to a pet thesis, fails to see what is on the printed page. Another is so in love with the subtlety of the Master that he tries to beat him at his own game. Nobody is wholly right, and in the nature of things nobody can be. It behooves us to learn to take from the critics what can help us. Some are very helpful indeed, but none is infallible.

In the second place, the book reminds us that there are many kinds of literary excellence, though some of the more extreme Jamesians seem to think there is only one. James himself knew better, and though he deplored what seemed to him the formlessness of such writers as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, he recognized their power. On the other hand, it is as foolish to ignore James as it is to put him on a solitary pinnacle. No pious Jamesian, Cargill feels and makes his readers feel James's greatness.

Cargill quotes a letter that James wrote late in life to Henry Adams, who had addressed him in the most melancholy terms. "You see," James said, "I still, in the presence of life (or what you deny to be such), have reactions —as many as possible—and the book I sent you is a proof of them. It's, I suppose, because I am that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility. Hence the reactions—appearances, memories, many things, go on playing upon it with consequences that I note and 'enjoy' (grim word!) noting. It all takes doing— and I *do*. I believe I shall do yet again— it is still an act of life." Here, beautifully and courageously stated, is the essence of James's achievement.

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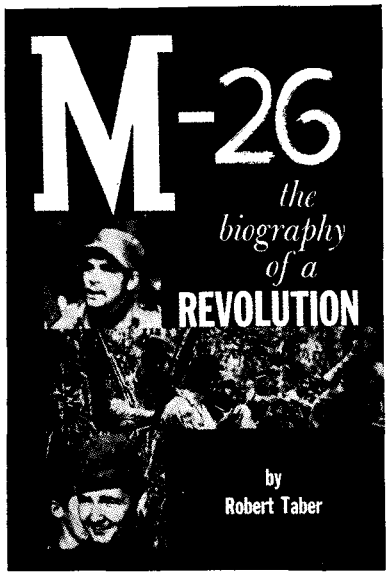
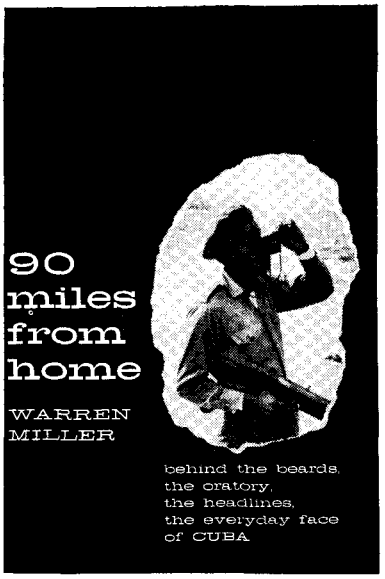
Books in the News





Their Man in Havana

By R. Hart Phillips, *author of "Cuba: Island of Paradox."*

FIDEL CASTRO has repeatedly declared that everyone must enthusiastically support his regime or be considered a "counter-revolutionary." No one could accuse the American authors Robert Taber and Warren Miller of the slightest tinge of "counter-revolutionary" tendencies. Their books enthusiastically support the Castro regime.

Robert Taber makes it clear throughout his **"M-26, The Biography of a Revolution"** (Lyle Stuart, $4.95) that he regards the bearded young Cuban revolutionary leader as one of the outstanding personalities of the world. He has only praise for Castro, whose policies have already caused some 100,000 Cubans to flee from the island. And Cubans continue their flight from Cuba to other countries almost daily by boat and plane.

The book is a running account of the revolutionary activities of Fidel Castro beginning July 26, 1953, the date of the abortive attack by Castro and a group of followers on the Moncada Army Post of Santiago de Cuba. Later the revolutionary movement of Castro against the Batista regime became known as the "26th of July Revolutionary Movement" and the name was shortened to "M-26." In the last chapter of his book Mr. Taber skims over the two and one-half years of Castro rule, concentrating on the theme that the United States drove Castro into the Communist camp. The United States, according to Mr. Taber, "had itself to thank; for most of the radical measures of the Castro regime have been taken in direct reaction to threats from Washington."

In general, the story of the two-year Castro revolution as written by Mr. Taber follows accounts already published. He devotes considerable space to the military victories of Fidel Castro's forces but little to the tremendous propaganda campaign carried out not only by the Castro underground but by the underground of all the factions opposing the Batista regime. The propaganda campaign is credited by those who watched the revolution closely with having played a major role in the overthrow of the Batista regime.

Mr. Taber appears to be convinced that the Cuban revolution will serve as an inspiration for all other countries of Latin America to overthrow their present governments and establish Castro-type regimes. He declares the Cuban revolution is not "an isolated phenomenon; it is the beginning of a battle, the first manifestation of a movement that threatens the very foundations of American imperialism."

The book clearly shows that Fidel Castro won his revolution due to the help and dedication of the property-owning class, the professionals, and many of the wealthy of the island. But Mr. Taber finds no fault with Castro for destroying these classes, and he brushes aside all defections of Castro's former comrades and supporters as being of little importance.

Mr. Taber states that "no one who has honestly studied present-day Cuba can question that the revolution is doing what the overwhelming majority of Cubans need and wish to have done."

Going further, he says, "The economic democracy, the social justice, the equality before the law which any notion of democracy demands have been established beyond all question in Cuba." In line with this opinion Mr. Taber makes no mention whatever of the thousands of Cubans now in prisons on the island, many of them held for months without trial, of the military trials that continue, and the execution of former followers of Castro.

The author does not wish to discuss whether or not Cuba has gone or will go Communist. He says that such a discussion is "to indulge in a pointless semantic exercise." He goes on to declare that "one sees no reason to doubt that the political forms of the future [in Cuba] will be equally democratic and just" as they are at present, a point he made previously as quoted above.

Whether or not Cuba is a dictatorship is also academic according to Mr. Taber. However, he admits that "for the moment it is a popular dictatorship." This is necessary in any revolution, he says.

In his conclusion he expresses high hopes for the success of the Castro regime. He states: "Economically Cuba is a socialist country . . . still undergoing transition, retaining some of the better aspects of private enterprise, gradually modifying others, flourishing and with no major economic problems in sight. . . ."

Mr. Taber has been living for many months in Cuba writing for the Cuban government press, and it seems strange that he should make such a statement when Major Ernesto "Che" Guevara, Minister of Industries, has at various times during the past few months warned the Cuban people that the economic problems are daily becoming more grave.

The author expresses the opinion that the United States has only two courses of action in regard to Cuba, either "accepting the fact of the Cuban revolution and learning to live with it, or falling back on outright military aggression." He remarks that as yet there

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FICTION

The Sweet and Savage Touch

"The Foxglove Saga," by Auberon Waugh *(Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. $3.95), emulates the waspishly picaresque tradition created by the author's father, Evelyn Waugh. Aileen Pippett is a longtime close observer of English fiction.*

By Aileen Pippett

WHEN this novel by the twenty-two-year-old son of Evelyn Waugh appeared recently in England it was loudly praised on all sides, but the hearty congratulations could not conceal a warning that having a famous father may be a handicap. Comparisons will inevitably be made, awkward questions asked. A good start, but can the pace be maintained? Since a beginner cannot expect to beat an old hand in a game of skill, hadn't he better try to be different?

The similarities and the difference in this case are clear. There is the waspish Waugh touch, the irrepressible impudence, the fluent invention, the neat tricks of inverting expected procedures which provoke laughter while they expose the hollowness of human pretensions and depict life as painted by Hieronymus Bosch. All this would be tremendous if it were new, if it did not lead to the suspicion that what we are being shown is merely a young man commendably following in father's footsteps.

The likeness in style, subject matter, and approach points up one striking difference. The great thing about "Decline and Fall" was its originality. There was nothing like it before it appeared in 1928, though it had its roots in Swiftian satire, and there has been nothing quite like it since except novels of increasing depth and savagery by Evelyn Waugh. "The Foxglove Saga" is patently derivative. It is an excellent copy, but it lacks surprise.

The author states that it is "about a nice little English public schoolboy who grows up into an even nicer young Guards officer. . . . He meets lots and lots of really very nasty young men. . . . He has a *sweet* mother who breaks her heart over him, as his life really does get rather involved. The end is all very sad for Mummy, but probably the best thing in the long run." Which, of course, is typically and intentionally misleading.

Martin Foxglove is easily the least nice of several schoolboys undergoing education at a grotesque Catholic private school known as Cleeve. Their subsequent careers are a maze of misadventures in and out of army barracks, a street market in London's East End, some weird hospitals and even weirder mental homes. Stoat—ugly, guileless, and most consistently unlucky—ends as a monk-teacher in the school that had expelled him. O'Connor, quick-witted and unscrupulous, winds up as a columnist on his father's newspaper, while handsome, popular Martin, having come into his inheritance and parked his detested Mummy (a pious fraud reminiscent of a Muriel Spark character) in a Catholic Home for the Dying, goes quietly to pieces in a gentlemanly way on his country estate.

There is a plethora of plot, for many other types—criminal, idiotic, sinister, or harmlessly silly—take part in the crazy harlequinade. It is wildly funny, gloriously disrespectful, splendidly corrosive of humbug and sentiment, as brisk and bright and cleanly written as can be, and indicates for its author a brilliant future in the theatre or the movies as script writer for knockabout farce.

Auberon Waugh

LONDON.

THE AUTHOR: Auberon Waugh, the twenty-two-year-old son of brittle British novelist Evelyn Waugh, has aroused considerable controversy with his first book, "The Foxglove Saga," which has been criticized as anticlerical and often very irreverent.

Curly-haired and twinkle-eyed, a younger facsimile of his celebrated father, Waugh was adamant about the reaction. "I was merely trying to show the antithesis of Christian life. People do not always get their just rewards. In my book the good monk dies a terrible death. But Lady Foxglove, an apparent do-gooder, is in fact malicious, and isn't punished."

"Beron" admitted that he drew upon his personal experience as a pupil in an Abbey school called Downside in Somerset, Bath. "There weren't a great many priggish and nasty people at Downside," he said with a grin, "but there were some, and I must say that they gave me a few ideas. On the whole, though, the school didn't leave a permanent scar."

When "Foxglove" was completed, he sent a copy to a British publisher before showing it to his father, who later "was kind enough to say that he enjoyed it quite a lot. I could tell he did," Beron said, "because he sent me a list of grammatical mistakes along with the proofs. One I corrected; the others I left alone." Writer-producer John Osborne ("Look Back in Anger") is negotiating for the film rights. "I'm willing to give it a try," Waugh said, "if we can get it past the British censor."

Beron writes a daily column under the name of "Peterborough" for the *Daily Telegraph* in London. "It's an intellectual gossip column," he explained. "For example, we support the building of new monuments and protect the destruction of old ones. We've stimulated the circulation of quite a number of petitions this year, too. Can't remember for which."

Recently married to the former Lady Teresa Onslow, Waugh was in the midst of vacating his bachelor apartment in central London for more spacious quarters. "We moved into the new apartment," he said, "on the condition that I could take my pet stuffed alligator with me." Beron, who has a mania for all species of animals, also collects stuffed snakes, furry mice, and Muriel Spark's animal pictures. "I had to agree," said the new Mrs. Waugh, "or else be content to continue living in the bachelor flat with my clothes squeezed in with bottles of sherry." "But," Beron added, "we have a castle in Somerset, where we can put my animals. It was a wedding present from my grandfather. It's the smallest castle in England: three rooms, three turrets, and plenty of land. I'm afraid I didn't inherit a title with it, though. It's not Italy, you know."

His long-thwarted ambition, in which he rarely perseveres, is to be very rich. "I'd like to be rich here in England. It's a far more enjoyable way of life—because I know it." With "The Foxglove Saga" he is well on his way towards attaining that goal.

—JERRY BAUER.

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Inside the Outsiders

"Three Short Novels," by Douglas Fairbairn, Blair Fuller, and George Mandel *(Random House. 246 pp. $3.95), share a common theme: the tragicomedy of outsiders who repudiate the obligations of society. Ihab Hassan, associate professor of English at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, has just completed a study of the contemporary American novel, "Radical Innocence," to be published in October.*

By Ihab Hassan

THE AGE is decidedly panoramic. It sports steak-o-ramas and bowl-o-ramas on every highway. And it is now offering us the chance to browse through novel-o-ramas. This is a matter of economics, and the economics of publishing are irrefutable. Still, Random House is to be congratulated, I think, for renewing our faith in the short novel by publishing three fine instances of the form.

The "beautiful and blest *nouvelle*; the generous, the enlightened hour," as Henry James called it, has relevance and appeal. Its appeal does not rest merely in its brevity, which humors our frenetic mode of existence (after all, champion readers train nowadays to "do" "The Call of the Wild" in three minutes flat). No, the novelette seems further to testify that our lives can only take shape in isolated moments of crisis; that, since our world may come to an end without notice, we discount the powers of anticipation or development that a "normal" existence requires.

Normality, as it is understood in our time, is indeed what serious writers hold in suspicion—and for good reason. This, if anything, seems to be the common thread in these three works, which have little else in common. All three protagonists stand squarely outside the circle of our shared prejudices. They are strays, outsiders, puzzled and puzzling victims. And because the concern of all three authors is so clearly with the subtleties of characterization, their heroes remind us once again that the uniqueness of each man, which is also his predicament, may be his saving grace. This is the paradox of fiction in an age of conformity.

In Douglas Fairbairn's story, "The Voice of Charlie Pont," the speaker is most obviously the odd man out, jobless and even phoneless, trading his charm for week ends that stretch into weeks spent in the homes of his friends or on their yachts. The climactic scene reveals Pont to be a saddened man, wiser perhaps than the friends who condemn his irresponsibility, envy his freedom, and resent his example. For Pont the price of that freedom is a love painfully lost, and a prior sense of loss —the innocence that every man must leave behind—that is nearly tragic. The story moves rapidly, almost entirely in dialogue, with an admixture of wit and naïveté. But the figure of Pont never quite comes through. Constrained and heavy, his heels "planted on the last inch of a cliff that has already begun to crumble beneath him," Pont seems to be less alive than the conformists who surround him. His voice is perhaps too much a monotone.

Blair Fuller's "A Butterfly Net and a Kingdom" is set in Galoa, French Equatorial Africa. It explores the relation of insider to outsider with great tact and precision. Sellier is the man who runs, and nearly owns, Galoa, a sort of benevolent Mr. Kurtz. When Froelicher appears from nowhere with a butterfly net and a disarming smile, Sellier eyes him with amused suspicion. Froelicher is a naturalist by profession, but also an amateur clown, eccentric, and holy goof. He is as simple in his own way as the lithe African girl, Jenny, whom he takes to his bed and board, and for whom he procures the shoes of Annette, Sellier's faithless absentee wife. The trouble begins when Sellier entices Jenny away from his good friend Froelicher. Peace and joy, which the latter had brought to Galoa, wither; Sellier's control loosens; the town finally succeeds in ridding itself of both men. Obviously, the moral is that no one may confuse the ways of power and the ways of freedom with impunity. In Fuller's hands, this African episode takes the clear form of ironic recognition, though perhaps too clear and neat a form for forceful recognition.

GEORGE MANDEL's "Into the Woods of the World" is the longest piece in this collection; it is also the most turbid anl gripping. Its theme is archetypal: the stubbornness of evil and persistence of courage. And its method is appropriate: dream, hallucination, stream of consciousness, and narrative fuse to reveal the white-hot face of madness, which, as so many writers assure us nowadays, is the other side of love. Sergeant Wallace Loyden, a battle-shocked veteran of the last war who has lost partial use of his eyes, is the hero. Loyden has lost more than his optic nerves in the war; his innocence is also gone, and with it his clear sense of selfhood. A "monkey" turned loose in the dark woods of the world, Loyden strains to recover his humanity by appealing silently to Christ and casting off his social obligations. The obscene memory of mutilation of brothers and men continues to riddle his "berserk vision." Yet even in the secluded woodland community of four people to which Loyden retires, mutilation persists. There are two old men, Yold, the embodiment of all the shabbiness and evil of the world, and Ravostov, a benevolent anarchist and apostle of life. There is also Lollie, a healthy, sensuous girl, and her husband, Charlie, a half-demented seeker of half-truths. The story these five people enact convinces Loyden "that

Douglas Fairbairn

Blair Fuller

George Mandel

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there will always be wars." But it also proves to him that there is a kind of knowledge which is a torment and a peace. "Yold was the heart of his disaster, the source and the secret of it, and the end result of all that Yold represented was Wally himself, hidden to the countless mourners in line for chow, overlooked in the haste of pompous doctors." Mandel does not fall back on easy resolution; "there's profit," as the author remarks, "from the search when that inevitable zero, closing around my protagonist, leaves him laughing as only the tragic can."

Congested with meaning, and sometimes inflated in style beyond the requirements of character or situation, Mandel's novelette sets a fine standard of performance for the genre. It is a standard that Fuller, and to a large extent Fairbairn, also meet. This is a remarkable collection; it has the means to hold our interest and make us wiser to ourselves in the bargain. Its focus is the point where dignity and absurdity, where tragedy and comedy, quietly meet.

Death at the Fiesta

"The Horns of Fear," by Angel De Lera, *translated by Ilsa Barea (Dutton. 256 pp. $3.95), pictures small-town bullfighting in Spain through the experiences of an aspiring young torero and his older mentor. Barnaby Conrad, author of "Matador," has four books coming out this season: "Encyclopedia of Bullfighting," "Famous Last Words," "Tahiti," and a novel about an American writer, "Dangerfield."*

By Barnaby Conrad

SAM GOLDWYN was once summoned to the projection room by an enthusiastic young director to see the beginning of a movie that had just been shot. "Wait till you see it!" crowed the director. "It's the greatest opening you ever saw!" The lights went down. Suddenly on the screen the viewers saw a large limousine roaring toward them. It careened off to the side, sped precariously along the edge of a cliff, slammed through a stone wall, arched through the air over the ocean, fell a hundred feet, and then crashed to pieces on the rocks below. When the lights went on, the director said, "Well, S.G., what'd you think—isn't it *great*? Isn't it *terrific*?" Wise Mr. Goldwyn shrugged and said, "All very fine, but who's in the car?"

There is a valuable lesson about the craft of telling a story in that anecdote and especially for the art of telling a bullfight tale. In Hemingway's masterful "The Undefeated" you knew very well "who was in the car" by the time the action started in the ring; you not only knew but, more important still, you *cared*.

I'm afraid that all-important ingredient is missing in this well-intentioned and unpretentious book by the Spanish novelist Angel De Lera. One simply does not care quite enough what happens to the two aspirant toreros, "Filigranas" and his mentor, Aceituno, when they try their luck at the annual bullfight in a small Spanish town.

Reading this novel I was constantly reminded of a book by Luis Spota called "The Wounds of Hunger," which tells of small-time bullfighting in Mexico and its attendant horrors. It, too, had a young, idealistic torero as protagonist and an older and more cynical mentor as a secondary character. It, too, depicted the seamier side of *"la fiesta brava,"* the ugliness of death in a village afternoon, and the raw yearning of young men whose creed is "hunger wounds worse than the bulls." Yet, somehow, I believed and cared more about Spota's young matadors than I did about De Lera's.

On the happier side of the ledger, and in spite of an inadequate translation, the novel does give an accurate picture of the town itself—the noisy happenings, the brutish hilarity, and the tawdry pageantry of the day of *"la gran corrida."*

LOST BIOCHEMIST: It should surprise no one that J. B. Priestley's latest book is written in a clear, brisk, and urbane style, and that for much of its length it manages to remain lively and entertaining. **"Saturn Over the Water"** (Doubleday, $4.50) is a suspense novel, which begins when Tim Bedford, a young English painter, visits the bedside of a dying female cousin. She informs him that her estranged husband, an English biochemist, has been missing for several months in South America under mysterious circumstances. Will Tim, armed only with a cryptic list of names, undertake a search for the missing man? He will—and in no time at all finds himself on the track of a sinister organization whose tentacles extend from Europe to South America to Australia.

Part of the fun of Mr. Priestley's tale lies in the rapidly changing scenes through which Tim Bedford passes. England, the United States, Peru, Chile, Australia—Mr. Priestley knows them all and can describe their citizens as deftly as he can describe their geographical features. Part of the fun lies in the author's minor characters, a vast collection of businessmen, bohemians, scientists, and international big-wigs. Part of the fun lies in the slow unraveling of a mystery, with all the attendant delays, false clues, and dead ends.

Nevertheless, it must be pointed out that "Saturn Over the Water" is not without flaws. Mr. Priestley's sinister international organization rarely lives up to its advance billing; its methods are supposed to be extremely ingenious, but when its members do swing into action they all too frequently allow their worst enemies to slip through their fingers, so that after a time one begins to wonder exactly how dangerous such a collection of bumblers really can be.

However, the chief disappointment comes in the last few pages when the true nature of the organization is revealed. It would be unfair to particularize that revelation here; it does seem fair to say, though, that the author's descent into occultism, astrology, and metaphysical hocus-pocus provides an unlikely anticlimax to what had hitherto been a most engaging and well-paced tale of intrigue. —William Wise.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 941

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 941 will be found in the next issue.

GAGBC OKP EDF SKHGQ FMMRTG RP EKQDRPXSFP GRSDGB XBFEQ FB QEGZZQ.

EFFWBFE ERZQFP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 940

To be positive: To be mistaken at the top of one's voice.

—Ambrose Bierce.

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"We Find the Defendant..."

"Ninth Life," by Milton Machlin and William Read Woodfield *(Putnam. 317 pp. $4.95), and* ***"Beyond a Reasonable Doubt?" by William M. Kunstler*** *(Morrow. 289 pp. $5.95), critically examine the legal procedures and press coverage of one of the most controversial cases in recent history. Harry Elmer Barnes has worked in the field of criminology for forty-four years, has written eight books on the subject, and is co-author (with Negley K. Teeters) of "New Horizons in Criminology."*

By Harry Elmer Barnes

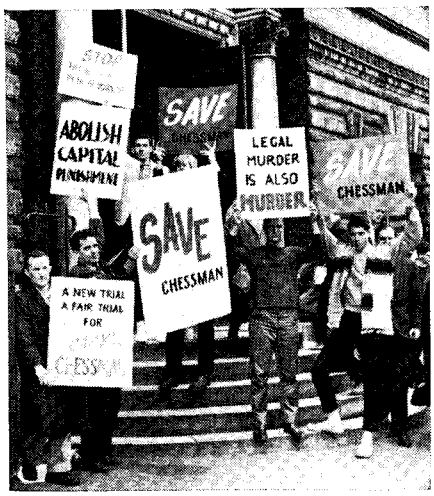
THE TWELVE-YEAR ordeal of Caryl Chessman, who was executed in the San Quentin, California, gas chamber on May 2, 1960, was probably the most widely publicized criminal proceedings of the twentieth century, if not since Napoleon was segregated at St. Helena. It attracted even more attention than the cases of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, Tom Mooney, and Sacco and Vanzetti. Chessman's books were translated into more than a dozen languages; a moving picture based roughly on his criminal career, as recounted in his most important book, was released internationally, and petitions for clemency poured into the Governor's office from all the principal countries of the world, one of the petitions carrying over two million names.

There is no doubt that the Chessman case aroused such tremendous interest primarily because his struggle for what he and his supporters believed to be truth and justice dragged on for more than a decade after he was condemned to death. While this has puzzled observers, the reason is rather obvious. The affair was handled mainly, indeed almost exclusively, on the basis of the legalistic shadow-boxing known as "due process of law."

In my opinion, Chessman did his best to call attention to the facts, but the courts showed little concern for them at any time; hence the defendant was forced to carry on his battle for a new trial in those fields and semantics that the courts would consider. This led even Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to charge Chessman with "playing a game with the courts." But no careful student of the case can well question the assertion that, from beginning to end, Chessman desired to have it settled on a strictly factual basis, and on numerous occasions he vainly challenged his prosecutors and the courts to deal directly with the facts of his innocence or guilt.

It is a matter of vital interest in understanding the essentials about the Chessman controversy to realize that the first real effort to assemble the facts and present them to the public was made as late as the autumn of 1959, only a few months before his execution, for a documentary radio program under the auspices of the Pacifica Foundation, a Los Angeles public-service station operated by Gene Marine. It was not until only about a month before the execution that two journalists, Milton Machlin and William Read Woodfield, dug into the record thoroughly and uncovered enough cogent material to convince most impartial students of the situation that Chessman surely deserved a new trial. If his execution could have been postponed even another month I have little doubt that he would have received one on the basis of the evidence that Machlin and Woodfield produced. This had been available to any honest and industrious journalist at any time during the previous twelve years.

"Ninth Life" represents a more careful organization and rewriting of the material the authors had provided before Chessman's execution, together with new material they were able to uncover in the succeeding months. Some of the latter is sensational indeed, such as suppressed police and sheriff's reports at the time of the Red Light crimes, which clearly indicate the probability that the two crimes for which Chessman was executed never took place at all. Even if they did occur as recounted in trial testimony, Machlin and Woodfield make it clear that there was no evidence connecting Chessman with any of the Red Light crimes that would pass the test of scientific crime detection standards. As a professional student of such matters, and after a prolonged checking of this material, I feel confident in adding my personal confirmation to their assertions on this point.



—Wide World.

". . . trial by combat."

The Machlin and Woodfield volume is not a tightly organized and powerfully argued journalistic brief, planned and presented primarily for the purpose of exonerating Chessman. Rather, it is a vivid and orderly narrative of the whole affair from the time of Chessman's birth until the day of his execution. There is no effort whatever to gloss over his literally sociopathic criminal personality and behavior for years before the Red Light crimes of January 1948, although there is a rational attempt to explain these vital matters.

The volume is obviously designed to present an absorbing story that will attract the widest possible group of readers, trusting to their intelligence and powers of discernment to recognize when and why the facts narrated serve to raise doubts about Chessman's guilt and whether he received justice from the courts and Governors. The main defect in the book is that the authors hold most of their really explosive material for the last chapter.

However, on the whole, one may safely say that, while not absolutely airtight or foolproof in handling all the complicated facts and intrigues of the Chessman case (no brief book could be at this stage of the record), "Ninth Life" is generally reliable, is surely the first competent and comprehensive account of the whole affair, is a top-level example of honest and serious journalism, and as such amply warrants a Pulitzer Prize for this type of achievement. It is not likely that subsequent research or revelations will fundamentally alter the portrayal of the career and fate of Caryl Chessman, although they may amplify our knowledge of details.

William Kunstler is a well-known New York City lawyer with a flair for writing on the history of criminal

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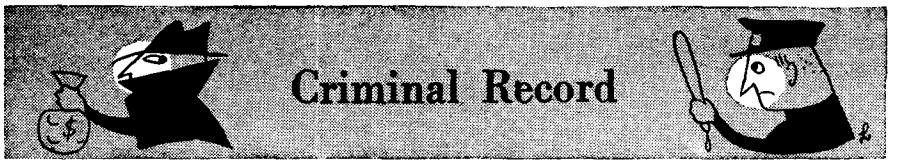
cases and a deserved reputation for skill in this field. His "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt?" is a very readable book and as complete an account of the original Chessman trial of April-May 1948 as would be warranted in any popular survey of the subject. The most cogent item in the title is the question mark at the end. Yet the author leans over backwards to avoid any plausible charge of being a partisan of Chessman, a fact that will be best recognized by those fully aware of all the details of the case and the trial.

Al Matthews, who was Chessman's legal adviser during the trial, is one of the most experienced criminal lawyers in California today and was recently president of the Los Angeles Criminal Courts Bar Association. Personally exasperated with Chessman before the trial, he has publicly stated: "Although Chessman was one of the most courteous men I have ever seen in a courtroom . . . I have never been in another case where the judge treated the defendant as one might treat a wild animal. From the time the trial started until the very end of it, a feeling of doom [for Chessman] hung over the whole courtroom." The average layman would hardly gain this impression in any vivid fashion from Mr. Kunstler's book, nor are the prosecutor's ferocity and irregularities of procedure adequately indicated for the lay reader. The chapter on the trial in "Ninth Life" gives a better impression of the unfairness of the trial than "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt?"

In addition to relating in brief all the formal elements of the trial, Mr. Kunstler's book makes a valuable contribution by exposing at length, if incidentally, the weaknesses and evils of the adversary method (trial by combat) of handling criminal cases. This was exemplified at its very worst in the Chessman case because of the grotesquely ill-matched abilities and experience of the adversaries, further augmented by the fact that the judge appeared to be ever eager to come to the aid of the vastly better equipped prosecutor.

The two most vital facts these books reveal about the case are: (1) that a man who may have been innocent of the crimes for which he was executed, even granting that they took place, was convicted on the basis of evidence that would have been rejected by any competent student of scientific crime detection methods; and (2) that a person who showed signs of future regeneration, and who, I believe, might have contributed to literature and criminology, was quite needlessly executed, contrary to the principles of contemporary correctional philosophy and practice—

(*Continued on page* 26)



THE DEVIL AND BEN FRANKLIN. *By Theodore Mathieson. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Diabolism, 1734 style, in City of Not-So-Brotherly Love gives Poor Richard several bad moments; here is America's first locked-room murder (and there are other killings). Fine period piece, fine entertainment.

LIZZIE BORDEN: The Untold Story. *By Edward D. Radin. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50. This book will prove nothing less than a sensation to devotees of the greatest of American murders (Fall River, Massachusetts, August 4, 1892); author's radical reinterpretation will delight some and infuriate others—neutrality is out.

THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION. *Edited by Jacques Barzun. Criterion.* $5.95. Seventeen short stories, largely by old masters (Brahmah, Chesterton, Sayers, Bailey, MacDonald, Gilbert, Stout, Dumas, *et al.*) make up this blue-ribbon anthology, which is topped off by a superb essay by the editor: "Detection and the Literary Art." Praise Allah, these are really *detective* stories.

OLD HOUSE OF FEAR. *By Russell Kirk. Fleet.* $3.95. Midwest lawyer journeys to Scottish island to handle real-estate deal for sentimental old steel tycoon; runs into wild excitement, sadistic violence. An "unblushing Gothick tale" and a good one.

FRANKINCENSE AND MURDER. *By Baynard Kendrick. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Duncan Maclain, blind Manhattan eye, steps in when CPA brother-partnership is severed by HCN; ingenious tax dodges aired and synergism discussed. Ties together nicely, with terminal gunpowder crescendo.

HEIR APPARENT. *By E. L. Withers. Crime Club.* $2.95. Titled Italian lady inhabiting Neapolitan isle in war days finds self in desperate intrigue involving two little girls sought by Nazis. Rather harrowing, but with high suspense factor.

THE SEA HOUSE. *By Margaret Summerton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. London secretary, 27, visits grandma (80-year-old curmudgeoness) on Devon coast—is twin brother alive or dead? (Anyhow, love finds a way.) Fine for that slow boat to Hong Kong.

THE MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM. *By John M. Macdonald. Charles C. Thomas.* $10.50. Solid, comprehensive study embraces all facets of criminal homicide and recites many case histories. Author is chief of forensic psychiatry, University of Colorado School of Medicine, and psychiatrist to the District Courts of Colorado.

THE CONVICT AND THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. *By Carmelo Soraci. John Day.* $4.50. Three-time loser, reared on New York's East Side, who has spent 21 of his 55 years in stir, redeems self by beautifying chapels at Sing Sing and Dannemora, two of his old homesteads. First-person fact-tale is absorbing, heart-warming.

THE SLEUTH AND THE LIAR. *By John Sherwood. Crime Club.* $2.95. Seventeen-year-old English lad, gently nurtured, learns that there is much evil in the world and thereby forestalls a murderer. Pleasantly told, but highly chatty.

THE DEEP. *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton.* $2.95. New York hood, absent 25 years, returns to ancient haunts when top mobster is plugged; author's first in nine years; the last word counts big here. The old mayhem is slightly dulled, but only slightly.

MURDER CLEAR, TRACK FAST. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. New York lawyer drives to Saratoga to investigate death of horsey heir whose mom has odds-on hate for son's widow. Story average, but racing background is sharp, vivid.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. *Edited by Brett Halliday. Dutton.* $3.95. Established pros and gifted newcomers (husband and wife among them) are represented in this 16th annual compilation of 20 tales selected from seven magazines. Choice, with fine introductory glosses.

A COMPANION TO MURDER. *By E. Spencer Shew. Knopf.* $4.50. This "dictionary of death by poison, shooting, suffocation, drowning, and strangulation, 1900-1950" (all British) is a superb, high-I.Q. production, with many cases familiar to Americans (longest—eight pages—is George Joseph Smith of "Brides in the Bath" infamy); oldest victim was 94. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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BELLES-LETTRES

Three Audiences for Criticism

"The Dying Gladiators and Other Essays," by Horace Gregory *(Evergreen. Paperback. 192 pp. $1.95), is a poet's soliloquy on writers and writing, past and present. James Gray, professor of English at the University of Minnesota, wrote "On Second Thought."*

By James Gray

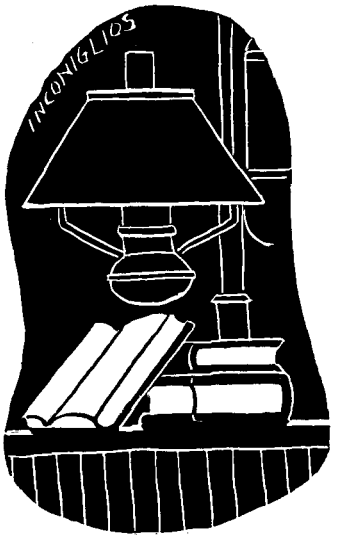
THESE monologues on ways of writing and men who write are expressed always with felicity and often with discernment. Horace Gregory's manner in presenting his critical essays, covering a wide range of interest from the work of Pope to that of Dylan Thomas, from Samuel Johnson to Samuel Beckett, is so easy and fluent that one seems almost to hear his voice speaking these words.

It is always a pleasant voice, too, earnest enough to make these matters seem to be important and absorbing, yet casual enough so that the amenities of immediate personal communication are not lost in the sonorities of preaching or prophecy. Gregory is a poet who believes that the art he loves has the strength to survive the smothering nurture of current cults. He is a critic in whom the disciplined modesty of experience inspires a hopeful approach to all that shows signs of originality and a grateful respect for all that achieves a certain measure of fulfillment. He is a teacher whom no student will ever be able to accuse of trying to climb up behind a tripod in order to pronounce pompous, unintelligible judgments in the manner of an oracle. His function in the triple role of poet-critic-teacher is, as he interprets it, to perceive excellence, to cherish it, and to make a little of its fine mystery meaningful to others.

A valuable service offered by this collection of critical examinations into many kinds of talents may well be that of sending responsive readers back into the workshops of creation to discover for themselves some of the virtues that Gregory turns over curiously to show the brilliant underside of their implications. Gregory's own taste is highly personal without being whimsical; it is ardent in its identifications, yet it never rings with the hysteria of the devotee; its gravity is highlighted by both insight and wit. His gifts of friendly persuasion may prompt many to read Beddoes for the first time, to help rescue Isaac Rosenberg from obscurity, to rediscover Walter de la Mare as an artist whose wisdom is to be found between his lines, and to see H. G. Wells once more in the clear light of his anticipations of the threat to civilization not merely of nuclear warfare but of a vulgar slavery to "publicity."

But even in the midst of responding to the warm attractions of this voice one is puzzled by the question: to whom is it addressed? There are, perhaps, three audiences for criticism, one made up of scholars, one which brings together intelligent amateurs of the arts who like to have their own judgments of particular works guided, clarified, and — preferably — endorsed, one consisting of people who regard literature as a kind of long-winded, but promisingly spiteful, *chronique scandaleuse*. Gregory seems to woo all of them at once without, in these pages, offering enough to satisfy the needs or tastes of any.

These essays were written first for publications that invite statements of opinion which are not necessarily to be regarded as definitive or final. It is their purpose and their right to explore trends of the moment, moods of the past, literary reputations of any age, and to say something about these concerns that is revealing or stimulating. But when such fugitive pieces are brought together in book form, with a certain air of solemnity, one instinctively looks at them with a more demanding kind of attention. It is reasonable to expect a clear and orderly expression of values, an approach at least to a philosophy with regard to creative effort.



Gregory's point of view is often provocative, but his attitudes, taken one by one, are always too scattered, fragmentary, and underdeveloped to do more than tease the interest of scholars. His judgments are unintimidated by popular taste, yet, in the limited scope of these essays, he is able to search no talent, no particular work, no group of literary productions in a way that is consistent enough or thorough enough to reward readers who want to be instructed. Even his literary gossip is unsatisfying because it is decorously wrapped up in erudition. One needs, for example, to know something about the personal histories of Rimbaud and Hart Crane to understand what Gregory wishes to suggest about the emotional traits and limitations of Thomas Beddoes.

In the tantalizing essay on Pope the critic undertakes to brush away the cobwebs that criticism of recent years has woven over the poet's reputation. Insight prompts the illuminating suggestion that the feminine component was strong in this intelligence. A reader's mind races away with the idea and waits for full exploration of how this psychological condition may have inspired Pope's choice of subject matter, his social attitudes, perhaps his techniques. But only hints and nudges vaguely advance the idea. Gregory wanders idly away from any searching examination of his own insight.

IN the essay on the works of Robinson Jeffers, Gregory seems to say that it is time to rehabilitate a neglected artist. Distrust of the reigning cult of poetry makes the critic unwilling to try to place Jeffers in relation to the favorite sons of the moment who have rejected him as a brother poet. Contempt for catalogues will fall welcomely on many ears. But this attitude implies in the detached observer confidence of an ability to place Jeffers in a whole tradition, to place him in eternity. Yet the effort is never really made. The essay slides off into polite conversation about how this "true poet" sees Greek *herpes* against a California background.

More disturbing still is the disparity between promise and performance in the essays on Wyndham Lewis and Scott Fitzgerald. In the first one seeks in vain for any fresh awareness of what went on in the mind of the proto-angry-young-man. In the second the discussion of "The Character of

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Scott Fitzgerald" slips off into the secondhand or thirdhand gossip of a cocktail party.

A man with a mind like Gregory's —so well-stored with knowledge of literature, so attractively adorned with civilized graces—should have an audience. If he does not find one for this book the fault will be his own, for he has failed to decide to whom he wishes to speak and failed also to command attention by either consistency or thoroughness.

ALONENESS: The thesis of Edwin T. Bowden's **"The Dungeon of the Human Heart"** (Macmillan, $3.75) is that isolation is a major theme in American fiction and that it is an expression of experience, from William Bradford's "Of Plymouth Plantation" (though not fiction, it "tells a good story against a believable background") to Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye." The author admits that "loneliness and isolation have always been problems of the human being elsewhere," and mentions "Madame Bovary," "Crime and Punishment," and "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." But, "more often than in the European novel, the American novel does not simply make use of the isolated man; it is *about* the isolated man and about isolation itself. The dozen representative novels discussed here form together an extended essay on isolation in America, a finer and more immediate essay than any philosophical or historical disquisition might be."

The twelve novels discussed, ranging from Cooper to Steinbeck and Salinger, are summarized concisely and interpreted accurately, but the book scarcely lives up to the author's ambitious expectation. In the first place, no one familiar with the extensive critical comment on Melville's "isolato" or Hawthorne's "unpardonable sin" ("Ethan Brand" would have been a better example than "The Scarlet Letter" for this book) will find anything new here. And, unfortunately, the very conciseness of the essay leads to superficiality.

Governor Bradford thought that the cure for isolation was "the defeat of pride of self," and Bowden agrees with him. "If man can lose his exclusively egocentric and selfish interest and turn outward to others, he need not fear loneliness or spiritual isolation." But Bowden admits that man can no longer simply turn to humanity. This is an age of group action, and "the group may itself be devoted to inhumane ends," as some groups are in "The Grapes of Wrath." Further exploration of this interesting observation might have carried "The Dungeon of the Heart" beyond the obvious.

—Gay Wilson Allen.

SCIENCE

Interstellar Symphony

"Music of the Spheres," by Guy Murchie *(Houghton Mifflin. 600 pp. $6.95), ranges over the universe, considering everything from the gadflies of space to the secret sex life of salt. Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the inventor of radar, wrote "Man's Means to His End."*

By Sir Robert Watson-Watt

GUY MURCHIE's artifice of writing as from a space vehicle, far removed from our normal habitat, brings with it an uneasy feeling that the only major defect of the admirably full index is the absence of entries for Peter Pan and Jules Verne. But, after all, this too is merely one of the less significant faces of relativity; the book has such outstanding merits that the whimsy is forgiven.

The much-abused term "vital statistics" is more appropriate in a bibliographic application here than in yesterday's fashionable bio-illogical studies. The gifted, versatile, and well-informed author of "Music of the Spheres" has compressed into 600 text pages, with an additional forty-four pages of an index that is far more than "just-an-index," fourteen chapters forming the best presentation yet offered to the intelligent general reader of the thought-stuff from which our knowledge of the nature of our material universe is spun.

Part One, entitled "Moons of Rock and Suns of Fire," gives in eight chapters a vivid picture of our macrocosm as it presents itself to objective but consequently superficial inspection. Part II, "Fields in Space, Deeps of Time," in its six chapters depicts a world apart. Then the natural philosophers—as the old Scottish universities wisely still refer to physicists—spin the fibers, more insubstantial than gossamar, yet stronger than fine steel, that are needed to hold together, in due and precise quantity, the only universe that we can hope to know. This macro-micro-cosm of refined conceptual thought that they are building in workshops which know no frontiers, no segregation, no rewards that can compete with the satisfaction of having added one fiber to the fabric of coherence is, in this reader's view, the most satisfying level of achievement yet attained by man.

The most vital of these statistics is the catalogue of 288 personal names woven through the index. When the well-deserved second edition is under consideration, the author might do well to provide a separate name index with dates of birth and death, and with cross references to the main subject index. However, with all allowance made for the wide-spanning framework of time and place, Guy Murchie is over-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SINGULAR NOVELS

Below, selected by Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, are the names of ten writers who, although otherwise prolific, ventured only once into the realm of the novel. Can you match each author with the title of his novel, found in the second column? Answers on page 26.

1. Max Beerbohm	( ) "Arcadia"
2. Noel Coward	( ) "Pomp and Circumstance"
3. e. e. cummings	( ) "Rasselas"
4. Oliver Goldsmith	( ) "The Betrothed"
5. Samuel Johnson	( ) "The Enormous Room"
6. Alessandro Manzoni	( ) "The Loser"
7. Thomas Nashe	( ) "The Picture of Dorian Gray"
8. Sir Philip Sidney	( ) "The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton"
9. Peter Ustinov	( ) "The Vicar of Wakefield"
10. Oscar Wilde	( ) "Zuleika Dobson"

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generous to such of the earliest founding fathers of natural philosophy as we know by name, date, and place. The generosity can do little harm, but it must not be allowed to diminish the luster of that golden century of science in which we of the hundred years beginning with 1861 or thereabouts have been privileged to live, to learn, and to admire. If the Kipling-MacAndrew prayer "Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the songs o'steam" has not yet been answered, we must be patient. What a saga could be woven round the names and the intellectual-esthetic genius of Henry Faraday, Mendeleyev, Maxwell, Michaelson, Fitzgerald, Lorentz, Ramsay, Rayleigh, Hertz, the Thompsons, Millikan, Rutherford, Bohr, Urey, Einstein, Dirac, Anderson, Yukawa, Fermi, Pauli, Planck, de Broglie, Davisson, Schroedinger, Roentgen, Moseley, the Curies, Leonard, Compton, Born, Heisenberg, Wagner, Weigsaecker, Hahn, Meitner, Frisch—and so on. The inclusions are in no special order. The omissions are due to an embarrassment of riches.

Of all the lessons of this wide-ranging book, surely the most important is that we have coexisted with members of this dazzling constellation of natural philosophers. When we look out on a political world torn by the inhumanity of man to man, a quasi-philosophic world drooping with existentialism, an economic world irresponsibly squandering its natural resources, an esthetic world torn between the incomprehensible and the insignificant, we may turn for comfort to this portrait gallery of genius, be proud to be human, and be sure that the ever-widening garden will not lack for worthy successors to the sensitive and profound cultivators of this great efflorescence.

Thesis: Ethnic or Ethic?

"Race and Science," edited by Unesco *(Columbia University Press. 490 pp. $5), attempts to combat a prejudice by scientific disproof of racial differences. John Greenway is assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado.*

By John Greenway

WHEN the Pharaoh Sesostris nineteen centuries before Christ erected on the southern border of Egypt the first monument to race prejudice—a stele excluding Negroes—Isaac had already warned Jacob against marrying into the contemptible Canaanites. While these first civilized peoples opened the 4,000-year literature of discrimination, the primitive tribes of the world were carrying on a half-million-year tradition of eating one another. The hard fact of the matter is that wherever two peoples distinguishable by real or imagined physical differences live contiguously, race prejudice exists. There are no exceptions—not even in the three countries held up by the writers of this book as cynosures of egalitarianism: Brazil, Hawaii, and New Zealand. Ethnic groups who have suffered most from race prejudice have been its assiduous practitioners. Liberia, the one nation founded upon principles of human equality, is still a notorious slavocracy that paradoxically restricts citizenship to Negroes; the most militant champion of Negro rights, the NAACP, still uses strongly Caucasoid cover girls for its journal, *The Crisis*.

But Unesco is not discouraged. "Racial doctrine," it declares, "is the outcome of a fundamental anti-rational system of thought and is in glaring conflict with the whole humanist tradition of our civilization. It sets at nought everything that Unesco stands for." Since its inception Unesco has solicited biological authority for this thesis. Its first statement on race in 1950 was widely criticized for the unequivocal declaration that there were no mental differences between races and that "biological studies lend support to the ethic of universal brotherhood," but, confident that the imprimatur of science could be obtained, it asked the dissidents to submit extended opinions. These, together with other previously published essays, form this book: "Racial Myths," by Juan Comas; "Race and Society," by Kenneth Little; "The Jewish People: A Biological History" and "Race Mixture," by Harry L. Shapiro; "Race and Culture," by Michel Leiris; "Race and Biology," by L. C. Dunn; "The Significance of Racial Differences," by G. M. Morant; "The Roots of Prejudice," by Arnold M. Rose; "Race Relations and Mental Health," by Marie Jahoda, and "Race and Psychology," by Otto Klineberg.

But in the final accounting the objecting scientists chose to be righteous rather than right, and their quarter-million-word compendium is only an elaboration of the earlier statement with its explicit faults made implicit. There is much impeccable science in the book, but the pervasive lack of objectivity negates the subtitle, "A Scientific Analysis." With one or two exceptions, these are humanitarian tracts, which Lévi-Strauss gauchely admits by referring to them as "a series of booklets intended to combat racial prejudice." Only G. M. Morant, whose contribution is easily the most valuable, stands firmly on the belief that racial mental capacities differ; the attitude of the others suggests that if Morant's contention is ever established on morphological or even physiological grounds it will have to overcome tremendous emotional opposition from scientists as well as laymen.

Even as a polemical treatise the book suffers from its authors' humanitarianism. Apparently believing that the best way to save the baby from the poison is to scrape the label off the bottle, they deny by implication the validity of race as a biological concept of subspecies in human beings, though none has questioned their paleontological colleagues who have gratuitously constructed whole *genera* of hominoids upon fossilized toenails. They cherish the idealistic fallacies that to know people is to love them, that the truth will make men free, that man has inalienable rights of equality, though anthropology of all disciplines supports Bentham's iconoclasm: "Rights of man, nonsense; imprescriptible rights of man, nonsense on stilts." Racial doctrine is only a contemporary manifestation of an almost instinctive in-group—out-group dichotomy that man shares with other gregarious animals and which will make world brotherhood impossible until we are invaded by Mars.

Considering the absolute universality of race prejudice (Cushing has even found it among birds), the real anomaly in this entire question is not why it persists but why the leveling philosophy that permeates this book arose to such importance in this generation. Unesco's predecessor, the League of Nations, rejected a resolution proclaiming the equality of all races. Not one of the authors considers the underlying cultural drift that is rapidly making nations into what Robert Frost called "corn-meal mush" and individuals into amiable mediocrities (how many Phi Beta Kappa readers dare wear their keys?).

To the tropismatic liberals who are already persuaded of the rectitude of this book's thesis, "Race and Science" will be the last and most authoritative word; to those who are objectively uncommitted, it will never do.

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BERLIN:

No Extermination Without Representation

IN THE FRONT pages of this issue, Mr. Joseph Alsop, one of America's most knowledgeable and respected world affairs observers, defines the national survival challenges facing President Kennedy. The key question involved in these challenges, as Mr. Alsop sees it, is whether the President is justified in risking national suicide on the Berlin issue.

It is possible that the question may be even broader than this. The essential question facing President Kennedy—and also Chairman Khrushchev—may go even beyond the issue of national survival. That question is whether any nation has the right to engage in war against the human race in the pursuit of its national aims or needs.

The central meaning of nuclear war is precisely that it is not a contest just between the contending nations. The effects of a nuclear war today will extend to a large part of the earth's population. This does not mean that the human race will necessarily be exterminated in a modern war. It is possible that large areas in the southern latitudes may be spared. But it is also likely that a substantial portion of the population in the northern latitudes will be condemned. The radioactive poisons pumped into the air and carried by the winds would convert the atmosphere into a lethal canopy over the most densely populated regions of the world.

President Kennedy, therefore, is confronted with a question that is not limited to the future of the United States. He is confronted with a question concerning human destiny. It is a profoundly moral question. How far should a nation go in upholding its national interests? What is the ultimate responsibility of an American President? Is it just to the nation? If the answer is yes, then is there anything in the history or values of that nation which connects it to a purpose or to values higher than its own welfare? What is the highest good? Does the human community have any claim on the American purpose?

TO REPEAT, how far should a nation go in upholding its national interests? Is a policeman justified in firing into a crowd in an effort to kill a murderer? Is any nation justified in firing into the body of humanity in an effort to kill an enemy?

It is natural and urgent that the United States consider these questions. The United States is not just a national enterprise. It is a human enterprise. It was founded for a very special purpose. That purpose was not just to create a nation but to create a set of ideas by which free men could come into their own, the theory being that government exists in order to protect the natural rights of man.

It is not in the American grain, therefore, to take the cynical view and say that our job is to look out for ourselves and let the atomic chips fall where they may. Those who argue that moral judgments are extraneous where the national interests are concerned may have in mind the history of nations in general, but they do no particular justice to the ideological origins of this nation.

Inevitably, it will be asked at this point whether this means that the United States has no alternative but to back down on the Berlin issue. It will be said that Mr. Khrushchev may be gambling that the United States will be unwilling to risk a nuclear showdown over Berlin; indeed, he may be counting on it. Are we therefore to become paralyzed by nuclear jitters while Mr. Khrushchev proceeds to take over place after place under the cover of our fears? On the other hand, if the Soviet knows we mean what we say when we say we will not retreat, come hell or high atomic water, may this not in fact be the only way of saving Berlin and preventing what would ultimately be a nuclear war anyway?

This is a strong argument, but it misses two essential points.

The first point is that it is all well and good for the United States to say we don't want to live in a world in which Berlin will fall under Communist control, to be followed, piece by piece, by most of the rest of the world. But at least let us not make decisions that affect others without consulting them. At least let there be no extermination without representation. If we believe that all men are involved in the issue over Berlin—as they may well be—then let our approach reflect that fact. Let us carry the case before the entire human community. Let us mobilize our facts in the most dramatic form in an attempt to put the potent force of world public opinion to work in the present crisis. The only thing greater than nuclear force is an aroused world conscience. And if we hold back from doing this because we have little confidence that we can persuade the majority, then there is something wrong with our moral imagination.

The second point, closely related to the first, is that it is dangerously untrue to say that the only choices before us are national suicide or national surrender. The vital alternative is a massive attempt through the United Nations to relate the crisis of Berlin to the larger crisis facing the world. That larger crisis is represented by the absence of effective law in the relationships of nations, and the likelihood of aggression in a situation in which nations are allowed to decide for themselves what their security requires.

Mr. Khrushchev has warned that he will not be intimidated by what the United Nations may decide. If this is the case, then this should be the central

(*Continued on page* 40)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A CLASSIC REJOINDER

In Mrs. Dan Fargo's letter [*SR*, July 15] one reads the following statement:

". . . the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary is a tremendously flexible and personal one capable of expressing a range of emotions which the Latin equivalents, when they exist, are ill equipped to handle. Comedy, violence, brutality, disgust, intimacy, contempt, inanity—how are these emotions expressible through Latin words laden with the spirit of medicine and scholarship? They are not so expressible and I hope never will be."

A glance at any good dictionary will show that the ultimate derivation of "violence, brutality, disgust, intimacy, contempt, inanity" is Latin. "Comedy" comes from the Greek. Mrs. Fargo rather disproves her arguments for the essential superiority of Anglo-Saxon by her next paragraph:

"It is long since time that we grew up sufficiently to respect the artist's right to use violent, intimate language when it is vital to his purposes. Such language is not 'mere sounds,' but a very real and revealing part of human experience."

Words in these sentences from Latin derivation are "long," "sufficiently," "respect," "artist's," "use," "violent," "intimate," "language," "vital," "purposes," "mere sounds," "very real," "revealing part," "human experience." What is left—which is not much—comes from Anglo-Saxon roots. Even "serious students of language and literature" would do well to consult dictionaries for derivations before making patently false assertions.

Daniel Gillis.
Department of Classics
Cornell University

Ithaca, N. Y.

POLYCHROMATIC PATTER

How much longer is *SR* going to connive in the silly practice of referring to China with a rutilant adjective? Your July 15 cover features an article "Education in Red China," and William Benton's first sentence starts out, "Circulating throughout *Red China.*" Are there any Blue Chinas or Green Chinas or White Chinas or Purple Chinas? You know there are not, though our head-in-the-sand State Department doesn't. There is only China. Stop the double-talk.

Winthrop Parkhurst.

Staten Island, N. Y.

HUZZAHS AND HARANGUES

Can we expect no relief from the interminable harangues of N.C.? I have no argument with his sympathies, but it must sooner or later become obvious to someone, if not N.C., that his incessant proselytizing benefits only his ego.

If it is his intention to serve as an irritant, let this information serve to announce his success.

(Mrs.) Daniel Haller.

Hollywood, Calif.

N.C.'s article "Psychology as a Key" [*SR*, July 8] hit the mark superbly—and yet so simply! My hat's off to him . . .

Nell Graham.

New York, N. Y.

N.C.'s editorial "Men, Not Supermen" [*SR*, July 15] is an admirable analysis of our predicament vis-a-vis the Soviet Union. Taken together with his immediately preceding editorial, "Psychology as a Key", it constitutes a very workable outline for a study of the many-splendored ironies of recent history.

William McGorry.

Flushing, N. Y.

CLASHING TIDES

One wonders how much good material is rejected to make room for the sickly, off-beat musings of your poetaster, John Ciardi. One also wonders how the editors—or J.C. himself for that matter—can expect the readers to have any interest in Ciardi's former teachers. If *SR* is cramped for space I have a suggestion. Restrict Ciardi's use of the pronoun, "I" to less than 10 per cent of his total wordage. Perhaps you didn't notice that in some passages [*SR*, July 8] he actually achieved this heroic percentage. This seems a trifle excessive even for one who can think only in the first person.

John Byron Long.

Chicago, Ill.

I wish you'd stop toying with my intellect and include Manner of Speaking in *every* issue.

Betty Whalen.

Suffern, N. Y.

CONSONANT WITH TRADITION

Why, oh why, do you condone mispeling in your magazine? After years and years of seeing worshiping, kidnaping, traveling this reader is ready to blow upp. How dare you and these slopy writers break the rule of doubling the last consonant in the past participle, or whatever was the grammar rule as learned by me manny years ago: "He was thoroughly griped as he griped the hand of the man he worshiped who was suffering from the gripe." "He raps on doors: from that you can deduce he is a raper." I could go on, but isn't that enough? I have three college-age children whom I have to battle single-handed on such points. Don't just sit there. For goodness sakes, double those consonants!

Mrs. Duval H. Tyler.

Middleburg, Va.

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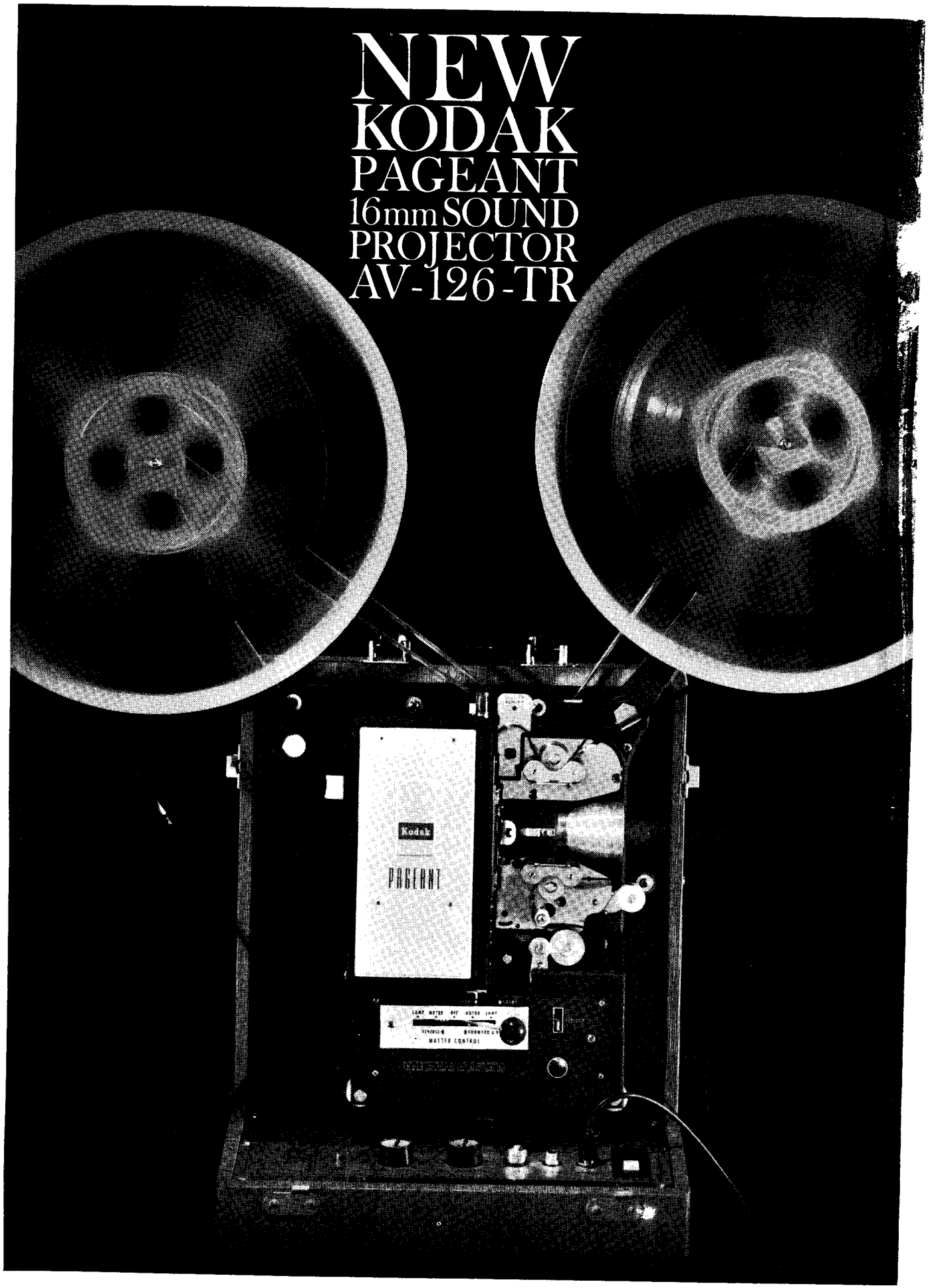

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You can see a demonstration of this new Kodak Pageant 16mm Sound Projector, AV-126-TR, at your convenience by calling a Kodak audio-visual dealer. Or write, please, for specification literature.

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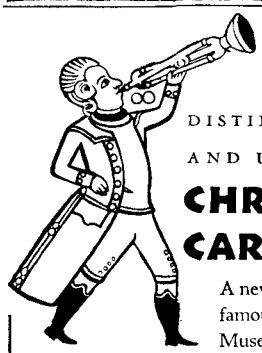

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A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards — each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue — which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents — will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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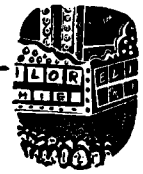

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Saint and Five Sinners

ARCH OBOLER'S **"One Plus One"** rivals St. Anthony in its resistance to temptations. Treating the explosive Kinsey report on celluloid, it eschews the sensational, the lurid, the obvious "come-ons" for the quick buck. Not only does the picture handle its material with a maximum of good taste, but Mr. Oboler, who wrote, produced, and directed, has vowed that he will never permit the "Hotter than 'Peyton Place' " approach to mar his advertising. He has made a film that, despite one slyly satirical sequence, is overwhelmingly serious in intent, and he proposes to keep it that way. Whether he can also market it that way, even in the so-called art houses, is another matter, and one that he intends to test by handling its distribution himself.

Actually, this is an area that awaits a major breakthrough. "One Plus One" is only one of half a dozen pictures produced since the first of the year that have a great deal to say to specialized audiences, but which say it in terms either too controversial or too off-beat for the conventional channels of distribution. The distributors, standing at the crossroads between the film maker and his public, are no campaigners. They want pictures that will sell easily, that can be exploited readily, pictures with obvious production values and built-in star insurance. They don't want to make waves—and especially not "new waves." The market for a religious spectacular or a multi-million-dollar Western, they feel, is a known quantity, and they have had years of training in how to lure audiences to see them. What to do with a low-budgeted, no-star, determinedly unspectacular study of the Kinsey report is something else again. Chained to tradition, they prefer to avoid such untraditional ideas. That they may lose a wide audience by default seems to concern them not at all.

"One Plus One," like many of the new, comparatively inexpensive, independent productions, is a "problem" picture. To the distributors, that means it is primarily a problem to sell. But to serious audiences, who prefer a bit of enlightenment with their entertainment, it offers, through five dramatized case histories, a vivid insight into the sexual mores of our country, and the human equations behind the Kinsey statistics. Leo G. Carroll is Oboler's suavely professorial *compère;* the remainder of the cast—the sinners—was recruited in Canada, and is all the more effective for being completely unknown. Excessively talky in its exposition, "One Plus One" is a film that is bound to stimulate still more talk—and perhaps, if seen by enough people, constructive action as well.

The saint is **"Francis of Assisi,"** as imaged by Bradford Dillman in a sober, respectful, and wholly untouching production directed by Michael Curtiz for 20th Century-Fox. Dillman's performance is by far the film's strongest asset, combining the passion and the gentleness of this most appealing of saints. What surrounds him, though, is a story that plays always for the obvious, reasonably true to the facts but remarkably wide of the spirit of simplicity that coursed through "God's Fool." Indeed, the film seems specifically designed to keep St. Francis from looking silly. When he blesses the animals, it is as if the convention had long since been established. His visit with the lepers is like a social worker calling on charity cases (and the lepers are merely dirty, not horrifyingly maimed). At all times, Francis is invincibly right—so right that rich men leave their homes at his smile to help in the building of his Church; and even his (invented) antagonist, the knightly Paolo, played with unbridled modernity by Stuart Whitman, stoops to kiss his hand at the finale. As a result, a film that might have dramatized pure faith and sublime self-abnegation becomes little more than a succession of Sunday school chromos, pretty to look at, easy to forget.

Apart from a snide and gratuitous caricature of the United Nations at work, **"Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea"** is the kind of stirring adventure tale artfully designed to take one's mind off the heat and international tensions. Gasses in the outer atmosphere of our planet are on fire, and it is up to Admiral Walter Pidgeon and his gallant crew aboard the American atomic submarine *Seaview* to save us all from being barbecued. In the grand manner of Jules Verne, there are saboteurs, rival scientists determined to destroy the *Seaview*, eye-goggling gadgetry, monsters from the deep, and the kind of simple-minded storytelling that assures us this modern Captain Nemo will emerge with flags flying and bands playing—or, in this instance, Frankie Avalon recapitulating the picture's soupy title song. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Shelter, yes: Canvas, no.

LIKE old soldiers, young music festivals tend to fade away, even if they do not die. Whether the six-year old Empire State Music Festival will survive or pass from the scene is perhaps not yet a certainty: but that it has been fading is unquestionable. As one who attended the opening sessions at Ellenville in 1955 but didn't visit the new locale in the Anthony Wayne Recreation Area [adjacent to Bear Mountain] until a week ago, the prospects would have to be described as cloudy, uncertain, likely to get worse before they get better.

Of the serious purpose of the sponsoring group headed by Frank Forrest there can be no doubt. Of its resourcefulness, sense of artistic focus, and aesthetic enterprise, there is not only doubt but disbelief. Having had one tent blown down by summer storms in the Catskills and another severely mauled in the present locale last year, it is again performing this year under canvas. To say that good musical performance in a tent is impossible would be a rash generalization: but it is mere reportage to say that Koussevitzky gave up a tent as unsatisfactory for the Boston Symphony in Tanglewood twenty-five years ago, and neither the acoustical nor the air circulating properties of canvas have been improved since. In other words—shelter, yes: canvas, no.

This year's "meeting," to borrow the horse racing term, is less than representative of all the sponsors would want it to do because the money to make it possible was not in hand until mid-June. Thus, the program is not so much a matter of what should be done as of what could be done. Accessible alternatives to a well-planned, diverse, but integrated program included the borrowing of an economy-sized production of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" from the Peabody Art Theatre of Baltimore, conducted by Laslo Halasz and staged by Hugh Thompson (who also sang Zurga); the presentation of the New York City Ballet in an all-too-familiar repertory for a week's run; and the importation of Sir Eugene Goossens as conductor of "symphony concerts" which were restricted to works of Mozart, Rossini, Roussel and Rimsky which could be performed by an orchestra of fifty-plus.

"Pearl Fishers" was given a cosmopolitan if not a Metropolitan flavor by the appearance of Giuseppe Campora as Nadir, he who sings the celebrated "Je crois entendre encore" for tenor in act I. His reappearance in the New York area after several seasons' absence drew a gratifying number of enthusiasts (2,300) to the second performance on Friday night. In this kind of role, in these circumstances, Campora sang not only well but artistically, a combination of virtues not common with those of the tenor's profession just now. Halasz threaded a customarily canny way through the pitfalls of inequitable personnel to which he is, now, unhappily, accustomed; but there was solid quality in the bright young talents of Lee Venora (Leila) and Ara Berberian (Nourabad), a secure base (though he is a high baritone) in Thompson's Zurga. The "production" was barely more than opera-in-concert, but tastefully so.

As for the tantalizing inaccessibility of "Pearl Fishers" these many years (it was last heard at the Metropolitan as a "Caruso opera" in the World War I period) the evidence is clear that it is a one-act opera written in three. Virtually all the good music occurs before the first curtain-fall: the rest runs on, brook-like, to its destination, but without much sparkle.

As an enthusiast for the Goossens that was, I found the Goossens that is prosaically disposed to making the best of a bad situation, and not, for that matter, making the most of it. He reintroduced himself (he was last in America as conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony from 1941 to 1947) with a Mozart-Rossini program, bracketing the former's "Zauberflöte" overture, a suite from "Idomeneo" (overture, dance, festive scene) put together by Busoni, and the C major (No. 41) Symphony with the latter's "Gazza Ladra" overture and the miscellaneous works arranged by Respighi under the title of "Boutique Fantasque" for a Massine ballet.

The "bad situation" embraced human as well as physical factors: a nondescript, insufficiently rehearsed orchestra for results of the quality expected from a Goossens, a disadvantageous surrounding in the tent previously mentioned, which absorbed sound as rigorously as it excluded the fresh air from the surrounding wooded hills. Color it as you will, this is not a combination of attributes on which a durable activity of the quality to draw a reasonably informed audience can be founded.

In its present surroundings, on parkways accessible to a vast public on both sides of the Hudson, the Empire State Music Festival is practically suburban to Fifty-seventh Street (an hour by bus, a little more by private car). It also enjoys proximity to thousands of city music lovers summer-based in Westchester, Putnam, Orange, Rockland, and other nearby New York counties (Bergen and Passaic in New Jersey). But until it develops a program with a purpose, and a plant with a future, it is likely to go on using up sizeable sums of private as well as foundational funds, while it fades in substance, vitality and —to put it bluntly—legitimate audience interest.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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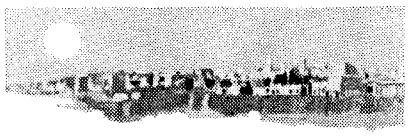

WITH GALL AND HONEY

is the title of a widely praised novel about a rootless American girl who finds love in Israel. To paraphrase the *N. Y. Times*, there hasn't been as good a love story with Israel as a setting since the Bible. *The New Yorker* calls it "strikingly attractive." These recommendations, we think, ensure that you'll find the book an unusually pleasurable reading experience. Ask your bookseller for **WITH GALL AND HONEY**, the Doubleday-Columbia Award novel by R. Leslie Gourse. $4.95

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Books in the News

Continued from page 11

has been no indication the "moral and intelligent choice has been made," that is, learning to live with the Cuban revolution.

A visit to Cuba that began on December 3, 1960, and ended in Miami the end of January 1961 has provided Warren Miller with material for his book **"90 Miles from Home"** (Little, Brown, $3.95).

This book is a collection of accounts of trips into the interior of Cuba, conversations with people, the words of songs by Carlos Puebla, now considered the top song writer of the Castro revolution, poems, and excerpts from the Cuban government press.

Mr. Miller was particularly impressed by the Cuban poet Nicolas Guillen, known for many years in Cuba as an active agent of the international Communist movement in Latin America, and by Pablo Neruda, the Chilean Communist poet. He also met Pablo Armando, a young Cuban poet who had just returned from a visit to the Soviet Union and Red China, and Alejo Carpentier, a well-known Cuban leftist novelist, now Director of Culture with an office in the Palace of Fine Arts of Havana.

Others whose conversations Mr. Miller recorded include waiters, beauty shop attendants, a worker and his family, policemen, schoolteachers, officials of the National Institute of Agrarian Reform, chauffeurs, a military judge, soldiers, militia, and a prostitute in a notorious bar in Havana. All of these people were fanatical supporters of Fidel Castro. They all talked of the great benefits of the revolution and of the liberty and freedom now existing in Cuba.

Among those opposed to the Castro regime whom Mr. Miller encountered were a family of former property owners, the operator of a hotel in Havana, and a merchant. These people were complete morons, or so they seemed—probably due to the skill of the author. The one alleged member of the anti-Castro underground quoted, whom Mr. Miller met on an omnibus, sounds as if he had just escaped from the Mazorra Insane Asylum in Havana.

Although there are some 25,000 Cubans in island prisons, and arrests continue daily, Mr. Miller never encountered a single person who had a relative in prison. This, of course, is not surprising since no intelligent enemy of Castro would talk with a visiting American, particularly one who was being shown every courtesy by the Cuban government.

Mr. Miller also lists among those who did not support the Castro regime the Cultural Attaché of the American Embassy (unnamed), and a couple of American gangsters. "*Un tal* Dr. Aspic," as the Cubans say, or a certain Dr. Aspic, is utilized by the author throughout the book to give a depreciative picture of the American businessman who goes to Cuba to sell products.

A number of persons with whom Mr. Miller talked gave him erroneous information about various revolutionary laws, but of course the author did not know this. He gives the impression that people are being paid for property confiscated by the government, which is not true. Also, there is talk of the government bonds to be given in payment for confiscated property. However, Mr. Miller does not mention that these bonds were never even printed, much less distributed.

MR. MILLER then returns to Miami and meets a number of Cubans who are bitterly opposed to Fidel Castro. They include a pimp, his sister who is a strip-tease dancer, a former colonel of the Batista army, the family of the dancer, and a group of teen-agers who claim to be training to fight Castro, together with a few other Cuban characters who are plainly imbeciles. This is as revolting a group as could be found of any nationality. Once again Mr. Miller failed to encounter even a spark of intelligence among the enemies of Castro.

In brief, it is apparent that the idea of both Mr. Taber and Mr. Miller was to give their readers a highly favorable picture of Fidel Castro and a feeling of contempt for his enemies. They have been so successful that undoubtedly Fidel Castro will present them with a "26th of July" medal.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 2, 5, 6, 3, 9, 10, 7, 4, 1.

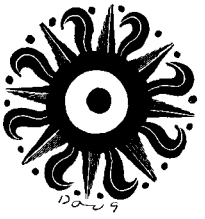
Crime

Continued from page 16

principles which have, perhaps, been most highly developed and most proudly paraded in the state of California.

The explanation of this situation is, I think, likewise fundamentally twofold: (1) the operations of the Los Angeles underworld of 1947-1948, in which Chessman was personally and deliberately implicated and which involved connections with what was at that time admittedly one of the most corrupt and venal police departments in the United States, led to his being charged with the Red Light crimes and to his conviction as responsible for them; and (2) the Los Angeles overworld, described recently by an able journalist as "the powerful downtown business, political and newspaper interests which have long dominated the city," feared serious repercussions on the political scene in that city (a possible repetition of the crises of 1938 and 1949) if Chessman received a new trial, was acquitted, and the facts were revealed. Hence, they sparked, set off, and encouraged the bitter and irresponsible journalistic vendetta against Chessman, which intimidated the public authorities who might otherwise have at least saved him from the gas chamber.

On the basis of far longer experience and greater professional preparation in such matters, and of as prolonged attention to the Chessman case as that given by any of the three authors—in fact the most extensive and intensive attention that he has ever given to any criminological problem—the reviewer has no hesitation whatever in adding his own confirmation to the above summation. He does not believe that it will ever be materially altered by further research and study. He would conclude by expressing the opinion that the best characterization of the present status of this sordid, if illuminating, affair is that expressed in an editorial in the Washington *Post* the day after Chessman's execution: "Only Caryl Chessman's ordeal has ended. California's lies ahead."



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

SR's Travel Editor, Horace Sutton, is on vacation.* BOOKED FOR TRAVEL *will next appear in the August 12th issue.

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The Most Important Decision

Continued from page 9

dent, with his enjoyment of power and eagerness for responsibility, none the less thinks that all means should be used to lighten his special nuclear responsibility. He cannot elude the responsibility, and he is ready to exercise it if he has to do so, as he said to de Gaulle. But for his successor's sake as much as for his own, he would like to see the burden lessened, as it can be lessened in time. Unfortunately, however, the burden cannot be materially lessened in the present phase of the Berlin crisis. The emergency civil defense effort may cut the potential nuclear casualty list in half; but the figures will still be horrifying. An airborne alert of the Strategic Air Command may confront the Soviets with U. S. striking power beyond the reach of their rockets; but it will not restore the lost American lead. A new call to the colors may provide additional divisions, both for NATO and to guard against the diversions Khrushchev may be thinking of attempting while he menaces Berlin; but such a call-up will not outweigh the Red Army. In sum, there is no sure, immediate way to duck or to defer the choice with which Berlin confronts the President, and the nation and alliance which he leads as well. In this respect, time, geography, and the pattern set by past policy all maliciously conspire together.

PAST policy has set a very clear pattern indeed. In 1956, in pursuance of the "New Look" theory, President Eisenhower issued a National Security Council directive calling for the automatic use of nuclear weapons in any military clash in Western Europe. Thereafter, all Pentagon and NATO planning was based on this directive. The effects were most plainly revealed in three of the plans for Berlin presented to President Kennedy by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

All three were plans for "probes." Probing movements along the highways leading to Berlin were envisioned because control of the access routes to West Berlin is what Khrushchev really wants. He has been talking about a peace treaty with the Communist East Germans. He has been adding, as a seeming afterthought, that his signature on such a peace treaty will automatically abrogate the existing, Soviet-guaranteed rights of the Western allies to use the highways, railways, canals, and airways which pass through East Germany to West Berlin. But the free city will obviously be doomed if all access to it is controlled by the odious East German Communist boss, Walther Ulbricht. What happens on the access routes, in fact, is all important, whereas the mere signature of a peace treaty is quite unimportant, as long as the access routes are unaffected. The probes were therefore designed to assert the West's continuing right to use the access routes.

Three kinds of probes were suggested by the JCS. The first was wholly peaceable in outward appearance, simply involving movement of a few military trucks down the highway from Helmstedt. The second called for a similar movement by an armed convoy of several hundred men. The third called for two divisions. All three plans were based on the established Western rights of access. But all three plans made only one provision for these rights being flouted and the probes being halted by force of arms. In this event, the Strategic Air Command was to come into play. As President Kennedy remarked, all three plans meant "going from nothing, or almost nothing, to a nuclear exchange totally destructive to both societies."

The problem of finding ways to avoid "going from nothing to everything" in one terrible jump was the problem which made the recent planning for the Berlin crisis such a time-consuming business. It was a particularly difficult problem, because Berlin's geography greatly exaggerates the pattern set by past policy. But there was a precedent to follow, the crisis at Quemoy, where a rather prolonged test of will took place despite unfavorable geography, in the late summer of 1958. Breathless weeks of minor, conventional military action at length convinced the Kremlin that the U. S. was resolute enough to use nuclear weapons if the Quemoy test were continued and expanded. At this point, the Quemoy test was called off. The aim of the Berlin planning has been to provide the ground forces other essential elements for a reasonably protracted multiphased test of will on the Quemoy model. It will be a very hair-raising sort of test even although there will now be no need to go from nothing to everything in a matter of hours.

Such are the remorseless practical limits of the Berlin problem on the ground. In the political sphere, it has other practical aspects of extreme and dangerous importance. In particular, Khrushchev will certainly be impressed by a show of iron resolution in the United States; but he will be even more impressed if he can only be confronted with a united, resolute Western alliance. Yet some of the other Western allies have been far more unsettled by the loss of the American nuclear lead than we ourselves have been, as yet, here in the U. S. The American lead was unthinkingly relied upon by our allies, even after it began to be lost. It was regarded as a sure protection and also, in some cases, as a sufficient justification for comfortable neglect of the normal tasks of allied self-defense. Then came the sputniks, dramatizing the changes that had been hardly noticed until then. Again, the response was unthinking. It took the form of a vague drift into the kind of woolly neutralism that is intellectually far less respectable than pacificism—the kind of neutralism that holds the Americans will be the "aggressors" at Berlin, if we do not abandon our commitments to the stout-hearted Berliners and give Khrushchev everything he wants. Unhappily, the countries where this neutralist drift has been strongest are our two closest and most important allies, Britain and Canada. As a result, it may be very difficult to hold the Western alliance together, while holding firm to Berlin. President Kennedy sees the difficulty, and means to spare no effort to overcome it. Even so, it is possible that he will not succeed. In truth, it is downright unlikely that he will succeed, unless all of us, the people of the United States, are absolutely clear-minded about what we are doing. Only the most icy clear-mindedness will keep us from the extremes of braggadocio and seeming-panic. Nothing else will permit us to combine sobriety with courage, prudence with resolution, in a way that will inspire allied self-confidence and Soviet second thoughts.

FOR this kind of clear-mindedness, the best approach is the curious intellectual exercise which the President himself has more than once performed with certain of those who are close to him. For the purpose of this exercise, you begin by assuming that Berlin cannot be cheaply defended, for all the historical, political, practical, and geographic reasons already set forth. You must then ask yourself (for you have no alternative) the same abstract question that was asked towards the beginning of this report—whether it is right to risk something close to national suicide in order to avoid a decisive national surrender.

The only way to determine the *right* answer to this bleak question is to tick off, quite cold-bloodedly, all the contradictory *possible* answers, and to see where they lead. If you do this, you soon discover a sharp division. There are "honest" answers, and there are "dishonest" answers—the adjectives are those habitually used by President Kennedy—and the popular, pleasant

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answers unhappily turn out to belong to the second group.

It was quite honest, though the very opposite of popular, to advocate preventive war in the period of American nuclear monopoly. No less a person than Winston Spencer Churchill in fact did advocate preventive war, in the year after the first Soviet A-bomb test. He pointed out that the masters of the Kremlin had been menacing enough, even without nuclear weapons in their hands. He correctly forecast that they would be far more dangerous when they had acquired a full nuclear panoply. "If this is what they do in the green wood, what will they do in the dry?" he bitterly asked. But almost no one paid serious attention to these last truly major speeches in the long Churchillian series. And now it is too late to talk about preventive war, because the Soviets now have the full panoply that Churchill feared.

AGAIN, it may be shocking, but it is quite honest for the British nuclear disarmers to chant their tragic slogan, "Better Red than dead." Bertrand Russell and the other leaders of this movement have been frank about the meaning of their program. Russell himself, who was another advocate of preventive war in the period of nuclear monopoly, was also among the first to proclaim that he preferred surrender to the smallest risk of a nuclear exchange. He is scientifically misinformed about the effect of such an exchange. If it ever happens, it will not "end life on earth," as he appears to believe. It will merely produce millions of casualties and largely destroy the social fabrics of the adversary-nations— which is quite bad enough. But since Russell and the others like him have openly used the ugly word, "surrender," they cannot be accused of peddling a mislabeled product. However misguided we may think it, their nuclear pacificism—for this is the right description—does not differ fundamentally from any other kind of pacifism. The main trouble with their answer is, simply, that no Americans want to surrender.

Plenty of Americans hanker for cheap solutions of hard problems, however; and these are the people who account for the popularity of the dishonest answers above-mentioned. These answers come in all shapes and sizes, but when you boil them down, they all fall into two main classes. On the one hand, we are told: "Be reasonable; let's negotiate; let's relax tensions." And this is all very well, except in the far too frequent cases when tensions are to be relaxed by flaccid abandonment of vital positions, and the thing to be so reasonably negotiated is nothing more nor less than a concealed surrender. On the other hand, we are told: "Be bold; stand up and be counted; don't yield an inch; make America a fortress!" And this is also all very well, except in the far too frequent cases when the risks of standing up and being counted are shoved under the nearest rug, and the demand for making America a fortress is coupled with angry charges that spending on national defense is nothing more nor less than Communistic. When he reads such stuff as this in his morning paper, as happens all too often nowadays, the President is filled with cold, contemptuous anger. But if Kennedy is right that the easy answers are dishonest, and if preventive war can no longer be thought about, and if surrender is unthinkable, what then is the correct answer to the central moral question that now confronts all of us?

The correct answer, which can be expected to be the American answer, is to find the hard path between the two extremes of shrinking fearfully from the ultimate risk, and rushing out to seek it. When the thing to be risked is a nuclear exchange, it is no time for braggart talk and hasty action. Patience, in these circumstances, is not to be confused with weakness. Willingness to negotiate, and readiness to search for reasonable accommodations, are not to be confused with appeasement. But there can be no deceptive negotiation, there can be no flabby accommodation, about the things that really matter—the freedom of the city and the freedom of the access routes which guarantee the city's freedom, in the case of Berlin. If we are challenged upon these points that really matter, then the reply must be, "We shall never give way!" and this must remain our only reply, even if we are called upon to risk a nuclear exchange.

The reason for this kind of reply, with its terrible, accompanying offchance of an actual nuclear exchange, is to be found in the predictable consequences of giving way. It is bad enough if you list the surface consequences of a surrender at Berlin—NATO in collapse; the Western alliance in open dissolution; American influence reduced to zero in every quarter of the globe; and other vital positions, including positions in this hemisphere, rather rapidly falling under Communist control. But it is still worse if you try to estimate the deeper consequences of a Berlin surrender, which would appear in this country.

Here, in our midst, in our own America, we must remember, fearful pressures would surely be generated by the chain reaction of defeat and disaster that would have to be expected after a surrender at Berlin. The political reactions would be poisonous beyond imagining. In bitterness and rancor, we might seek to build a "Fortress America"; but the new defense requirements of this isolated, beleaguered American fortress would be overpoweringly burdensome. Under such strains the society in which Western democracy was born would almost certainly tend to become a total, authoritarian society. And the end might be a loud-mouthed American authoritarian demagogue going, hat in hand, to seek the best deal he could get from the Kremlin; for even the most convulsive defense efforts could never give this nation the power to stand, alone and unaided, against a Communist empire directly controlling or indirectly manipulating most of the rest of the world. This is an unbearable prospect, even if we forget our own feelings, even if we think only of the next generation and of those who will come after. Speaking of this prospect, the President is reported to have said: "The right way to see the choice between modern war and surrender is to think about how surrender might affect us, here in the U. S. If you'd be perfectly ready to join the underground, and would also expect your children to join the underground, in order to resist this kind of change in our society, then the best choice is the risk of war."

THE word that needs to be emphasized, in this last fragment of our Kennedy-mosaic, is the single word, "risk." In such a confrontation as the Berlin crisis, there is no certainty of war until the President of the United States reaches for the famous gold telephone he must always have within reach, and gives the "go-order" to the Strategic Air Command, or until Khrushchev gives the comparable order to the Soviet equivalent of SAC. There is not even any likelihood of war, if we are calm and surefooted as well as resolute; for Khrushchev has all the reasons that we have for desiring to avoid a nuclear exchange. No one can suppose Khrushchev, if sane, is really eager to trade the destruction of his own cities for the control of Berlin. Thus the risk of war lies only in the possibility that Khrushchev is paranoid; or the possibility that we shall fail to convince Khrushchev we mean business; or the possibility of misadventure. All these things are undeniably possible, but they are also improbable. Our chance today is better, in truth, than the chance those old Athenians took, when they abandoned their homes to the torches of the Persians and boldly manned their outnumbered fleet. And if we dare magnificently, as they did, we too may hope, at least, for magnificent rewards.

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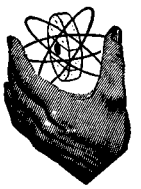

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXV

ARTICLE: The Glittering Skeleton of Time

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE MOON AND FOUR THOUSAND BILLION PENCE

THIS will be a report on the Honorable James E. Webb, a man who is now in a rare position to influence the keeping of the peace on our wrangling planet.

Mr. Webb is the new chief of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, D.C.

As such, he is the American agent in charge of travel between the earth and the moon, the planets Mars and Venus, and other more distant points within the solar system.

President John F. Kennedy has instructed him to land an American on the moon at the earliest feasible moment—before the Russians land a man, if that is possible—in any event, before the close of the present decade.

The President has made his instructions dependent on the will of the American people as that will is evidenced through the votes of their representatives in the Congress. Unless the people object, the orders are to proceed regardless of expense.

According to the special message to Congress in which these instructions were embodied, the bill will run close to $2,000,000,000 during the year that began with 1 July 1961, between $7,000,000,000 and $9,000,000,000 in the four-year period after that (the duration of budget responsibility of the Presidential term) and from then to the end of the decade a figure known to nobody but guessed as high as $29,000,000,000. The guessing ends with the year 1970 because the President expects an American to land on and return from the moon before that date. If his expectations are not realized by 1970, there is every reason to suppose the cost will rise beyond the $40,000,000,000 total now estimated by conservative scientists.

It is worth noting that $40,000,000,000 would pay half of all the costs of operating all the agencies of the Federal government — including the enormous price of maintaining military bases around the globe—for an entire year.

It is worth noting further that $40,000,000,000 is a very loose guess. There is an optimum rate of progress for every scientific project: the rate at which the highest values are obtained for the dollars that are spent. Customary procedure is first to determine this optimum and then to plan the project to fit. At the time the President addressed the Congress on the subject of moon travel, no optimum rate had been arrived at. Several cost studies had been begun, but none had been completed. Mr. Kennedy fixed the 1970 deadline in absence of statistics that might have recommended another date as the most economical one.

Why did the President choose to take this shortcut?

Because he felt a military base on the moon would be essential to defense of the United States?

He said nothing to reflect such a belief, and his closest advisers are known to hold that moon-war is nonsense.

Because his scientific counselors urged the earthly benefits of moon based research?

On the contrary, he was told, plainly and explicitly, that going to the moon was not the American scientific community's choice of the best (or even second best) way to spend the vast sum of money the trip would cost. Mr. Kennedy acted in spite of this adverse advice. His reasons were political. They were two. One was related to domestic policy, the other to foreign policy.

The domestic reason boiled down to a single word—jobs. The real reason why Congress is not only willing but eager to spend outlandish sums for moon exploration is jobs. This country is just beginning to shake its way out of a slight economic recession, and the new technology associated with rocketry is one of the more promising sources of expanding work opportunities. Rocket factories are performing the function that airplane factories performed during World War Two and that automobile factories performed in the peacetime days when every family that wanted to keep up with another family in the neighborhood bought a new car every year with installment payments. In spite of the sincere and sustained efforts of Professor Jerome B. Wiesner, the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, the voice of the military continues to distort the facts of life in America and it has persuaded a great many people that space exploration is a life-and-death matter in Democracy's struggle with Communism. The Congress therefore assumes that the people are prepared to accept space jobs as the equivalent of war jobs.

The closest approach any responsible scientist has made to explaining the President's views in public occured at a recent symposium conducted at a special meeting of the Washington (D.C.) Academy of Sciences. The scientist was Dr. Lloyd Berkner, chairman of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences and a top consultant to the President's Science Advisory Committee. Dr. Berkner drew an analogy between (a) Mr. Kennedy's proposal to race the Russians to the moon and (b) the policy of bread and circuses that kept the peace for so long in the world that centered on ancient Rome. In short, a race to the

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moon could be a domestic substitute for a shooting war.

At that same symposium, Dr. Berkner suggested the other reason for President Kennedy's instructions to moon travel agent Webb—the foreign policy reason.

A voyage to the moon, the Space Science Board head declared, would demonstrate American "technological flexibility." Moon rockets in themselves would not be useful instruments of earthly war, but an American landing on the moon would re-assert American prestige in the eyes of the rest of the world, insofar as the feat would demonstrate technological dexterity in more immediate affairs.

Here is a modern substitute for the old-fashioned military parade. Hydrogen bombs don't look impressive, so there's no point in displaying them. Instead, there is resort to spectacular fireworks.

ONLY a hairline divides these propaganda aspects of moon voyaging from the implications of military adventure. It is vital to keep exploration of the space between us and the moon and earth's neighbor planets in the hands of NASA, which is legally chartered to engage only in peaceful scientific enterprise. That is why Mr. Webb is an almost unique position of influence.

Up to the time of his appointment as chief of the space exploration agency, NASA was caught in a running fight behind the political scenes. The battle is almost certain to go on, covertly if not overtly. NASA's antagonist is the Air Force, which has always yearned to take over space-exploration and conduct it entirely on military lines. In the past, the odds have been heavily weighted in favor of the Air Force. Having cornered a lopsided share of the nation's military budget, it could afford to finance endless studies to cover every conceivable contingency. Hence, whenever any possible future development came under discussion, the Air Force was ready with at least one and more probably a number of plausible schemes. Right now, for example, the Air Force propaganda machine is methodically "leaking" to reporters the "confidential" information that fifty Air Force pilots ("Think of it, fifty! Can there be any doubt about who is really ready to explore the moon?") are already in training for space assignments.

Before Mr. Webb's arrival, NASA was poorly prepared to cope with the high pressure fly boys. NASA was made up mostly of scientists. They had no ambitions more acquisitive than the accumulation of knowledge. In their minds, future projects had to wait on present learning. NASA lost out on one exploratory appropriation after another, for sheer lack of time to stop and think.

Now Mr. Webb is not a scientist. He is a manager, well acquainted with the back alleys of bureaucracy. He served former President Harry S. Truman as Undersecretary of State and Director of the Budget Bureau. Upon departing the Truman administration, as a private citizen of means, Mr. Webb sat on the board of directors of the McDonnel Aircraft Corporation of St. Louis, maker of the spaceship cabin used in Project Mercury. Thus he became aware of the intricate problems involved in landing a man on the moon. Altogether, his experience prepares him well to hold moon travel within the realm of man's peaceable pursuits. But there will be times when he will feel the need for the country's backing. And if the Congress questions him, as it inevitably will, he will have no more comforting answers than the ones written down in letters—letters from people who appreciate the political implications of the fact that Mr. Webb was put into his present job to keep American exploration of interplanetary space not only peaceful but firmly in civilian hands.

NOW for another look, from a different angle, at the question of why the President chose to take the great fiscal and political gamble entailed in his instructions to Mr. Webb to land an American on the moon before a Russian can get there.

The Russians were first to orbit an artificial satellite of earth. They have orbited a man around the earth. They have hit the moon with a rocket. They have sent a rocket around the moon and have photographed the side of the moon that faces away from earth.

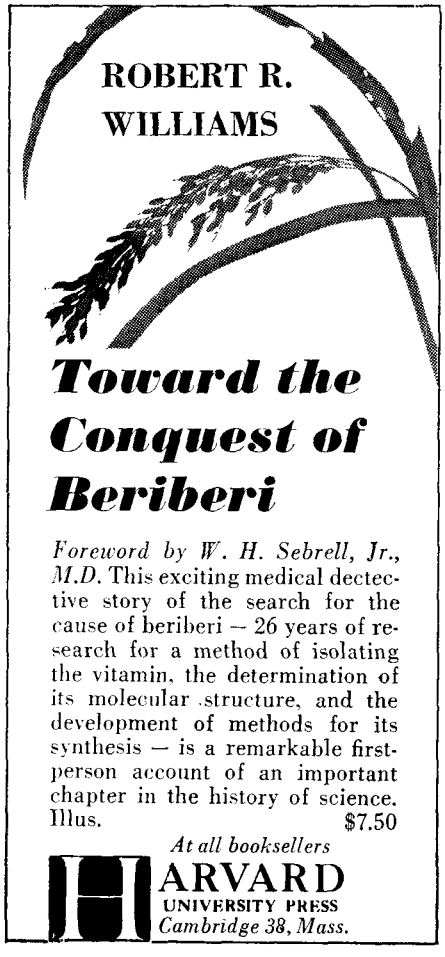
The Americans have matched the Russians only in the easiest one of those four performances.

Where, then, does the occupant of the White House find any odds in his favor?

Mr. Webb has told a press conference that a race to the moon would start "more evenly" than any of the past competitions in exploration of the space outside earth's atmosphere. This statement makes sense only if it is assumed that both the Russians and the Americans are going to try to reach the moon in rockets that take off directly from earth and complete the trip in one swoop. Each such rocket would require a thrust of 10,000,000 pounds. Although present-day Russian rockets are much closer to that size than are existing American rockets, the thrust-gap that remains to be closed by both the Russians and the Americans is very much larger than the present difference between Russian and American rocket power. Since American industrial capacity is unquestionably higher than Russian industrial capacity, all that remains is to put enough of the American capacity to work at a consistent pace and the result will be as inevitable as it was when American industry was mobilized for the war against Adolf Hitler—who also had a long headstart.

In short, Mr. Kennedy is betting on winning the race to the moon by brute force. The obvious pay-off on the bet has already been given—that the uncommitted nations of the world will clearly see which is the stronger house in which to lodge a friend—the Kremlin or the White House.

No official in Washington has publicly stated any of the foregoing. But statistics issued by Mr. Webb support such conclusions. Most of the half billion dollar space budget expansion that the President asked the Congress to approve for immediate expenditure is split three ways: for giant engines (parallel work on the 1,500,000 pound thrust liquid-fuelled F-1 and on bigger-muscled relatives of the solid-fuelled jobs the Pentagon now uses for *Polaris* submarine missile firings); for a vehicle (the *Nova* rocket) to be driven by these engines; and for a space craft (the three-man *Apollo*) to be carried in the nose of the vehicle. Altogether, what it amounts to is a telescoping of the three stages of NASA's old moon-exploring program under the Eisen-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The Spaceman's Scorecard

	YURI GAGARIN	ALAN SHEPARD	VIRGIL GRISSOM
Flight date	April 12, 1961	May 5, 1961	July 21, 1961
Altitude (in miles)	203	116.5	118
Distance (in miles)	26,000 approx	302	303
Time of flight (in minutes)	108	15	16
Top speed (in miles per hr)	17,400 approx	5,100	5,280
Period of weightlessness (in minutes)	89.1	5	5

hower administration. Instead of first making sure that a sufficiently powerful engine can be built, and then building a vehicle suitable to that engine, and finally building the best space-cabin that vehicle can carry, the engine and the vehicle and the cabin for the space explorers all will be built simultaneously. This is what the President meant when he warned that there could be no turning back once the project was underway. And this is why no one at present can tell what the final cost will be. Far away as this country is from possession of a moon-rocket, it is vastly farther from acceptable living facilities for a human moon-exploring crew.

IN making his already historic statement—"I believe we should go to the moon"—the President was in one respect being cautious. For the moon was the most distant point he named as an objective for American exploration. He didn't even mention Mars or Venus but merely grouped them anonymously by implication in the region "beyond the moon" and within "the very end of the solar system" where the *Rover* nuclear engine (for which he asked an appropriation of $23,000,000) might "some day . . . perhaps" carry man.

But in another more subtle sense, some scientists think Mr. Kennedy may not have been entirely wise in the phrasing of his moon race challenge. This subtlety is hidden in the smallest figure Mr. Webb mentioned: an $8,000,000 appropriations for study of techniques of orbital rendezvous. Has the President given enough weight in his gambling odds to the possibility that the Russians may choose not to use brute force to reach the moon?

Suppose that instead of building one rocket with 10,000,000 pounds of thrust they build ten rockets each with 1,000,000 pounds of thrust and shoot them in precisely timed sequence to rendezvous in orbit outside earth's atmosphere and go on to the moon from there?

The question has not been quite as thoroughly neglected as the picayune $8,000,000 figure might indicate. For the $30,500,000 set aside for immediate spending on *Apollo* provides work on an earth-orbiting laboratory as well as on the moonship passenger cabin. Operation of an orbiting laboratory would require some consideration of rendezvous. Nonetheless, the thought now being applied to rendezvous techniques in this country is ludicrously disproportionate to the thought being given to multiplication of rocket thrust. Furthermore, the disproportion runs counter to established superiority of American space science over Russian space science (as opposed to space technology) and the seemingly greater chance that would lie with American enterprise in rendezvous theory and mathematics.

CAPTAIN Virgil Grissom's flight 118 miles up and 303 miles out from Florida's Cape Canaveral proved only one thing: that riding the nose of a rocket is dangerous. How close the Captain came to drowning after his space capsule capsized and sank to the bottom of the Atlantic will probably never be admitted officially. The accident confirmed the fears of conservative scientists who in private conversation had used the word "marginal" to describe the safety of the capsule Commander Alan B. Shepard rode over the same course earlier.

It was time the public understood to what extremes these men were being pushed in the drive for glory. It is unfortunate that an accident had to happen to bring out the truth. Now that the accident has happened, without personal tragedy for the Captain and his family, it may be therapeutic to observe how little was attained in return for the risk. For that purpose a spaceman's scorecard is provided "left".

In fairness to Mr. Webb, it must be pointed out that the frenzied timetable for putting a man into space (as opposed to sending the robots that will have to precede him anyhow) was fixed before Mr. Webb was tapped by the President to serve as the country's space travel agent-in-chief. It must also be noted that since Mr. Webb took over, saner phrasing has begun to appear in NASA press releases. For example, the announcement of intention to launch Ranger One—the first of a family of robots that will explore the environment as far as half a million miles out from earth before trying to land and walk around on the moon—discussed the scientific objectives in true perspective. Only a careful reading revealed the fact that Ranger One would take off not from earth itself but from the nose of a rocket previously "parked" in orbit around the earth. The Russians already have performed this feat, with the since lost robot explorer they intended for the planet Venus. An American claim of priority would have fooled only the American people.

INCIDENTALLY, it has just been discovered that it took man almost twice as long to get bored with his home planet earth as had been supposed heretofore.

Two geologists at the University of California in Berkeley—Drs. J. F. Evernden and Garniss H. Curtis—used a new method of carbon dating on bones found in Africa and came up with the startling conclusion that the tool-making people whose flesh once muscled those bones across the countryside must have lived 1,750,000 years ago.

The findings are published in the current issue of *The National Geographic*.

Previously, the appearance of the first man was dated roughly a million years past.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *To the moon by 1970, if the timetable set by President Kennedy and discussed in foregoing pages can be maintained. Should time prove that schedule too ambitious, men will at least venture out upon the mysterious sea of space that surrounds earth's atmosphere. How far the explorers will be able to go will depend first of all on the power that rocket motors can generate. Curiously, a discovery that could revolutionize rocket power potential has passed almost unnoticed in the public prints. This find was made by a University of Michigan graduate student, Gary Cosens.*

Gary's work might not be known at all if his research had not been financed by funds from the State of Michigan. University administrators eager to encourage the expenditures of more such funds invited the Governor of Michigan to Gary's lab to see what the State's money had bought. The Detroit News *sent a staff reporter to the Michigan campus in pursuit of the Governor. The university news service sent a man to tail the* News *reporter. SR's Science Editor ultimately got the following account by long distance telephone.*

GARY Cosens is only 24 years old. But he has an idea that almost certainly will in time revolutionize the art of rocketry. It is conceivable that his idea might land an American on the moon much quicker than any realist up to now has been willing to believe.

Whether the American landing might precede a Russian landing is another matter, especially since the Russians are known to be working in the scientific neighborhood of Gary's idea.

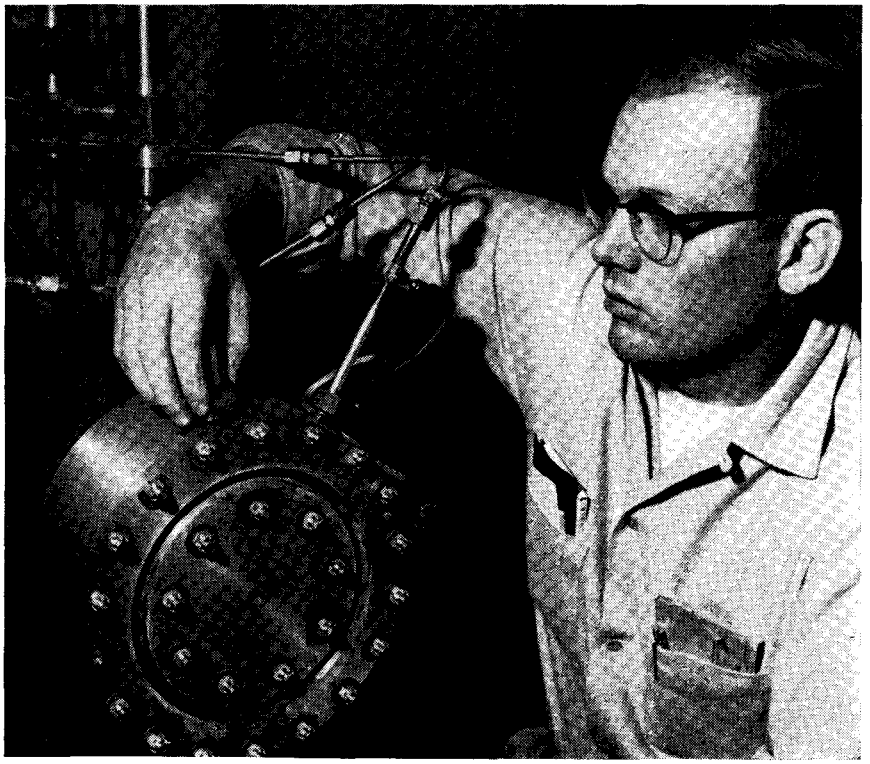
What the idea amounts to is a happy marriage of the principles governing successful but disparate performance of a rocket and a firecracker.

The firecracker blows up: Bang!

The rocket goes up: Whoosh!

Gary Cosens thinks he has discovered a way to make a virtually continuous bang whoosh a rocket faster without causing the thing to explode. In theory, at least, he has turned an engineer's headache into a moon explorer's dream.

Detonation waves occur in the combustion chambers of rockets all the time. They are generated whenever the controlled burning of the fuel and oxidizer in the rocket engine is disturbed by reverberating sound waves and suddenly and unexpectedly becomes explosive in small pockets of turbulence. Rockets are designed to withstand a calculated number of such explosions. When the number rises beyond the designed limit, the added heat of these minor blowups can cut a rocket apart with the efficiency of an acetylene torch.



Cary Cosens with his experimental rocket motor.

As happens to most students of aeronautical engineering, detonation waves were introduced to Gary Cosens as a problem. A native of Akron, Michigan, Gary is a doctoral candidate at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and the customary guise of detonation waves was impressed upon him there. But at a seminar one day the question was put to him: "Instead of designing engines to do away with these waves, why not design an engine to use them?" Gary's instructor, Professor Richard B. Morrison, encouraged the young man to answer.

The answer, as might be expected of an engineer, took the form of drawings. Gary began them last October. By January he had not only finished them but used them as blueprints for a fifteen-inch model of a new rocket engine. Like all rocket engines, Gary Cosens engine is a reaction motor. It operates according to the third law of motion, which says that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Gas is blown out in one direction; the rocket moves the other way. But whereas the conventional rocket exhaust pipe is not essentially different from the nozzle of a garden hose, and forcibly compresses the outgoing stream through a hole in the centre, the secret of the Cosens engine is a gaseous pinwheel that throws out a circle of fire like a kitchen stove burner gone wild. The burner in the kitchen is a circular metal pipe perforated at regular intervals to let the gas within escape. The burner in the Cosens engine is a circle of empty space between a solid metal cylinder at the centre and an outer metal ring.

Instead of waiting for detonation waves to form at random during the course of burning fuel inside the rocket combustion chamber, Cosens starts the engine by deliberately introducing de-

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tonation waves from a small shock tube into the circular space at a tangent to the circle, thus setting up the pinwheel effect. The escaping gas exhausts at speeds as high as Mach 4 and 5.

At these rates, it is theoretically possible to cut down the size of a present-day rocket combustion chamber 100 times and still attain thrust comparable to that of the conventional engine. On such a scale, the total vehicle of the *Centaur* rocket—the first American rocket with interplanetary potential—could be reduced to one-third the bulk called for by present designing. Similarly, the 1,500,000-pound thrust F-1 rocket could be brought down to a diameter of six feet.

Aside from economies resulting from these sheer size factors, the Cosens engine has enormous theoretical advantages over today's rocket propulsion systems. First of all, this engine could be scientifically scaled in advance to achieve any desired thrust, because what formerly were instabilities due to the detonation waves now become a new kind of stability. Scaling is impossible today because of the unpredictable nature of the instability factor. Indeed, much of the long lead time set aside for the F-1 engine is pre-assigned to fit-and-try engineering—the only practical substitute for scaling.

Because of the shorter development time, the Cosens engine should be cheaper than standard rocket engines. Restarting problems ought to be minimized becasue the experimental new engine starts with a bang instead of a slow buildup. Guidance could be obtained more simply, too: instead of mounting the engines on gimbals and swivelling them to supply the action required for a reaction, the circle of space within which the pinwheeling of gas occurs in the Cosens engine could be differentially constricted by flaps or other mechanisms so that the pressure on one arc of the circle would be greater than the pressure on another arc; the engine would push harder at one angle than another, and so execute turns.

All this is theory, however. Good theory. But nothing more than theory. Gary Cosens's original model of the new engine ran the first time he tried it. It has run many times since. But the duration of operation has never exceeded a second of time. The rate of burning within it is more than 100 times the rate of other rocket engines. The temperature goes up to 4,500° F. Can this heat be transferred out of the combustion chamber rapidly enough to keep the engine going without destroying the rocket? Cosens and his faculty advisers at the University of Michigan think so. But they must demonstrate it in practice.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THUNDERATION

WILFRED J. REMILLARD's article on thunder in your 1 July issue was excellent. I find only one thing wrong with it: The author states that thunder is the loudest of all natural sounds.

In "The Sea Around Us," Rachel Carson, quoting Lord Bryce, writes that breakers on the shores of Tierra del Fuego can be heard twenty miles on a still night. She also says that the noise of the eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa was heard 3000 miles away on Madagascar, as well as in the Philippines and Australia.

The sound of thunder, which usually carries ten miles, seems pretty squeaky compared to these other natural sounds.

IRWIN A. LEVY

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article explained how atmospheric conditions related to thunder storms limit the distance over which thunder can be heard. This limit prevails irrespective of the loudness of the sound.*

I READ "The Ancient Mystery of Thunder" with great interest, but one statement brought me up short. "Arago showed that there can be lightning without thunder and even the antithesis: thunder without lightning." In the context of the article, thunder without lightning?

HOWARD SMITH JR.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thunder is occasionally heard by persons standing under a clear sky. Upon investigation, lightning is often found over the horizon.*

AS I READ Wilfred J. Remillard's lightning-hence-thunder article, I got the impression that, be it ever so quickly, as lightning "strikes" it is in the process of rising from the ground rather than coming down from the clouds. Am I correct? Would the professor care to enlighten me on the issue? For an example, let us use a "strike" that happened in my yard. Lighting (or was it the concussion thereof?) tore great chunks of bark from a giant oak, shattering in one area the trunk to the heart from stem to stern. Now, did the lightning, as it circled its victim counter-clock-wise, travel up or down the tree in its devastating journey?

ZEB R. DENNY

Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The heavy electrical charge goes up the tree. Different kinds of trees are affected by lightning bolts in different ways. In this particular case, there may have been moisture in the tree; if so, sudden evaporation could have caused an explosion.*

A REQUEST re "The Thunderous Equation." In my work I am accustomed to working with mathematical equations. All $p = p$ (r.t, $\frac{2}{}$ h gives me a thunderous headache. In the first place, as stated, it does not check out dimensionally; that is, the quantity on the left side is not equivalent to those on the right side. I have the feeling it must have been pulled out of context. Could it be corrected for the benefit of the readers?

JOHN A. DAY

McMinnville, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Having written "The Thunderous Equation" from data supplied by the equation's formulator, Dr. Wilfred J. Remillard, SR's Science Editor asked Dr. Remillard to comment on the above criticism. The commentary follows: "Your interpretation of the thunderbolt equation was correct, although I can see how a reader might be confused. As given, the formula was necessarily a condensed version of a much more complicated one. Maybe the following explanation will help. The sound pressure (p) of thunder is a function (p) of observation distance (r), time (t), and* twice *the height of the lightning channel ($\frac{2}{}$ h). I did not state the explicit form of the function in order not to confuse the non-technical reader. If anyone would like a more detailed version, I would be happy to send him a copy of my report, 'The Acoustics of Thunder.'"*

WRONG TURN FOR THE WORM

I WAS pleasantly surprised to find my suggestions regarding the hoplonemertine origin of the vertebrates reported in the July 1st issue, but several errors in the account should be noted. The definition of homologue as "a set of internal organs" is misleading. Homologues are basically similar features of related organisms and include structures which are external as well as internal and which are larger and smaller than organs. I do, indeed, study the behavior of animals in naturalistic situations, but such a person is an ethologist, not an ethnologist. I spent two, not three, years in Holland. I do not say that hoplonemertines have a notochord, cartilage, etc. but that they have homologues of these structures.

Let us hope readers understand that the evidence for the hoplonemertine origin of vertebrates is the existence of homologues for vertebrate structures and not a positive answer to the irrelevent, if amusing, query, "Do you ever feel like a worm?"

DONALD D. JENSEN

Bloomington, Indiana.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Science Editor asks Professor Jensen's pardon for the typographical error which identified the Professor as a student of race rather than as a student of character. Thanks are also due the Professor for clarifying the definition of homologues to include external as well as internal features. According to Webster's International Dictionary, however, homologues are both "parts and organs." Having used the word "comparable" in referring to the hoplonemertine notochord, cartilage, etc., SR's text surely was correct in the common English usage to which readers are accustomed.*

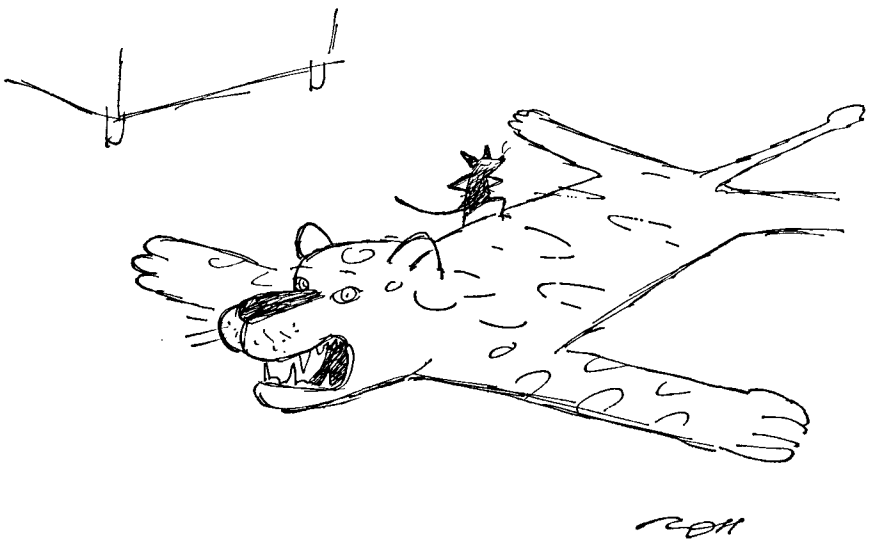
BUTTONED UP

PERHAPS your Wendell F. Moore may think he is strictly original in his idea of gliding through the air with the aid of an instrument strapped to his back. But Frank R. Stockton (author of "The Lady or the Tiger?") beat him to it many years ago. (Am I, I wonder, the only SR reader old enough to remember Stockton?)

In one of his funniest stories, Stockton tells the history of a middle-aged amateur scientist who has hit upon an invention to use the force of what he calls "Negative Gravity" to glide through the air, leap lightly over obstacles, climb the steepest mountains, and lift heavy weights. His adventures are described, culminating in a scene in which the inventor is left dangling in mid-air, with the control button just out of reach between his shoulders. His wife finally brings him down by casting with a fishing-rod till she succeeds in hooking his trousers (and incidentally his shin.) After this nerve-wracking experience, she induces him to refrain from using his invention or making it public.

ANNA P. HANNUM

Seacane, Pa.



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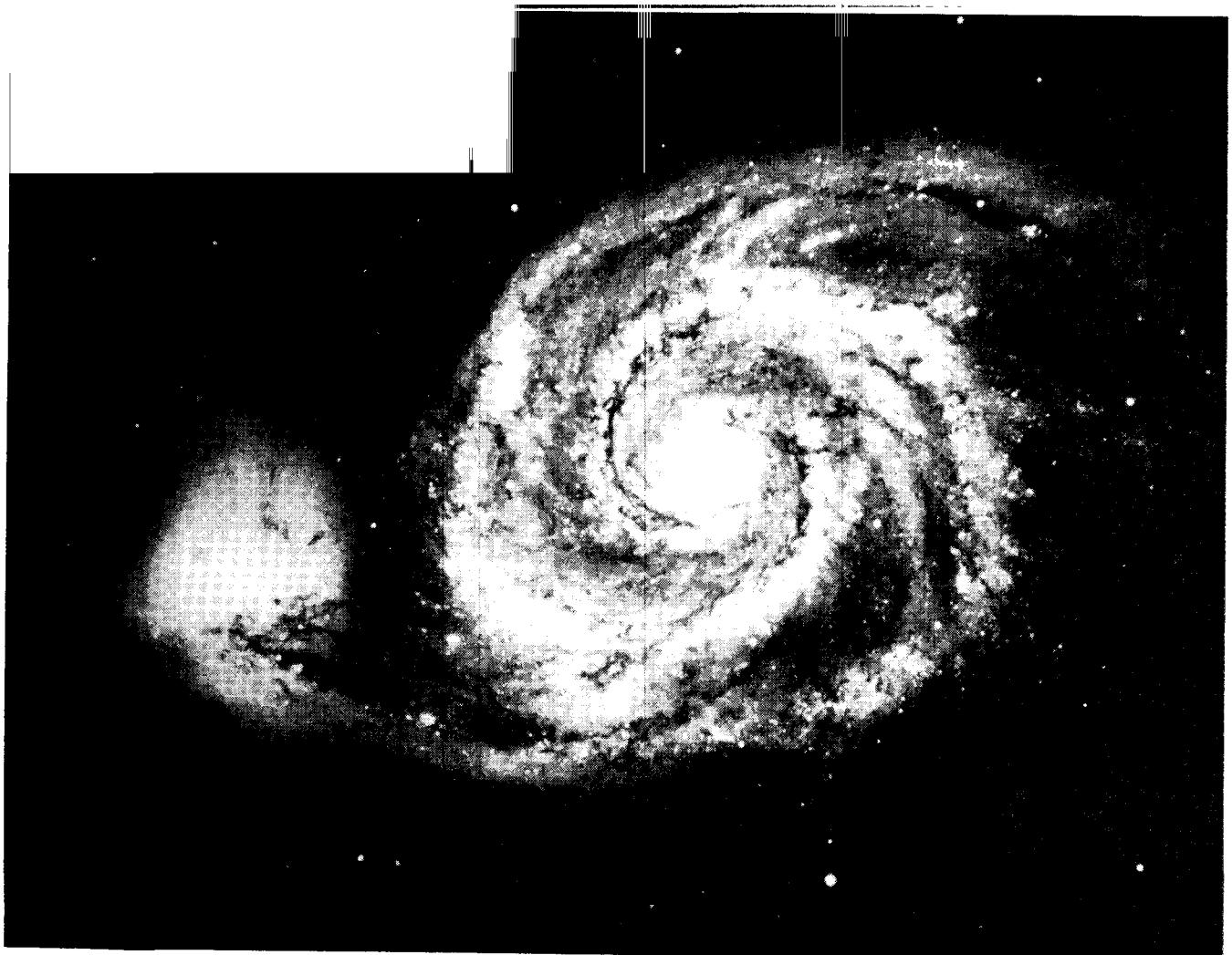

—These spiral armed profusions of stardust and stars are galaxies NGC 5194 (right) and NGC 5195 in "The Hubble Atlas of Galaxies."

THE GLITTERING SKELETON OF TIME

Distant Galaxies Strew the Sky with the Bones of Creation

By ALLAN SANDAGE

GALAXIES are the largest single aggregates of stars in the universe. Each is a stellar system somewhat like our Milky Way, and isolated from its neighbors by nearly empty space.

It is almost certain that individual galaxies have not always been what they are today. We see the universe some ten billion years after its last creation, but clues to its initial conditions remain. If the proper observations are made and are properly interpreted, we can hope to reconstruct the history of its evolution.

First, the star content of galaxies must be described, classified, and studied. The classification should relate class properties of the objects by finding a continuous sequence of forms. This is possible if the galaxies have really evolved and if both the old and the new forms exist at the present time. The problem is analogous to proving biological evolution by reading the fossil record and classifying the bones in a continuous sequence.

There is an almost one-to-one correspondence between the presence of dust and the presence of bright, blue stars. Such stars are known to be very young because their nuclear energy sources can last for only a few million years. Since they are visible today, they must have been created within the last several million years. It is invariably the irregular and spiral galaxies that contain these young stars. The presence of dust and highly resolved spiral arms goes hand in hand with other characteristics of the spiral arms. Whenever the arm system is tightly wound, there is little or no resolution of the arms into stars, and there is very little dust.

The present view, which must be worked out in detail, suggests that a given galaxy begins as an irregular or a spiral. There is much dust and gas available for star formation. Each successive generation of star formation uses up the raw material (dust and gas) until little of that material is left. The differential velocity field in each galaxy (plus perhaps magnetic fields) controls the nature of the spiral arms. When star formation ceases, the arms tighten up and the galaxy evolves. The bright stars die, and are therefore not present to form the lumpy condensations in the arms. They are not replaced by new stars, for the formation of stars has ceased. The faint stars that remain are red and are *not* distributed in spiral arms because random motions have wiped away the separate arm structures.

WE do stand a chance of understanding the universe. And the present generation may catch glimpses of the early stages of time.

(This is a preview of "The Hubble Atlas of Galaxies," a forthcoming publication of the Carnegie Institution of Washington)

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

HENRY FIELDING'S PIECEABLE ANIMAL

Was the Thing an Insect or a Vegetable?
It Multiplied Too Fast for Him to Tell

IN 1742 and 1743 a series of papers had been published in the *Philosophical Transactions* describing experiments made by several European naturalists upon the newly-discovered fresh-water polyp (*Chlorohydra viridissima*). The most indefatigable of these experimenters was the great Swiss naturalist Abraham Trembley (1710-1784); and his description was published by the Secretary of the Royal Society.

M. Trembley went into great detail in describing the "Polypus" and its habits, even to a rather nauseating word-picture of its capturing and swallowing a worm. But his most concentrated interest lay in the series of cutting operations that he had performed upon the creatures. He sliced them transversely, lengthwise, and in every intermediate fashion that he could conceive, always with the same result: each part grew into a new and whole polyp.

"If a *Polypus* is cut transversly [he reported], at the same Moment, into three or four Parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.

"The Animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great Number of Parts; I therefore did it successively. I first cut a *Polypus* into four Parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those Quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, till I had made 50 out of one single one: And here I stopp'd, for there would have been no End."

Trembley concluded his paper with a description of turning polyps inside out ("their Inside is become their Outside, and their Outside their Inside: They eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned") and with a paragraph explaining where the "Insects" were to be looked for.

These reports aroused fervid interest at the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, where Trembley's experiments were repeated and improved upon. Bonnet, Réaumur, and other men of curiosity "went about France cutting up all manner of worms and sea-animals to see if they would multiply like polyps." And in England no less a virtuoso than Martin Folkes, the new president of the Royal Society, seized upon M. Trembley's lead and subjected the interesting little creatures to sustained experimentation. Something of the epidemic excitement that was generated, even in polite society, is reflected in Charles Hanbury Williams' poem, *Isabella; or, The Morning*, which must have been written about the same time. In this satire on the trifling conversations of the *beau monde*, Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, is represented as being visited by Charles Stanhope. She asks him the news in town, to which he replies:

> "Madam, I know of none; but I'm just come
> From seeing a curiosity at home:
> 'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
> And he and Desaguliers brought it there:
> It's called a *Polypus*."
> "Lord, I must see it, or I'm undone,"
> The Duchess cry'd, "pray can't you get me one?
> I never heard of such a thing before,
> I long to cut it and make fifty more . . ."

It is not difficult to imagine the amusement with which these apparently trivial studies of the polyp would be greeted by a humanist like Henry Fielding. Merely to reproduce the reports from the *Philosophical Transactions*, with the addition of a few sly comments, would have been sufficient to provoke laughter at the expense of the much-satirized Royal Society. But Fielding's inventive genius and natural sense of the absurd suggested something even better: a happy parallel and a double-edged shaft of ridicule. By turning the polypus into the "Chrysipus" or English guinea, and M. Trembley into the learned Petrus Gualterus (an obvious *prosonomasia* for Fielding's old enemy, the notorious usurer, Peter Walter), he converted his joke on the Royal Society into a sharply satiric attack, at the same time, upon avarice and misers.

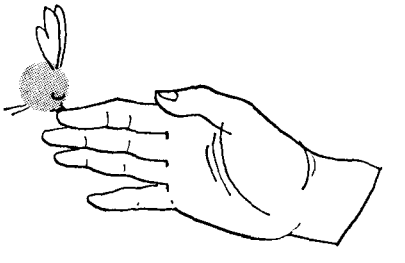
Thoroughly delighted with its new discovery, the Royal Society had prefaced Trembley's report with a title page that read as follows:

> *some* PAPERS Lately Read before the ROYAL SOCIETY Concerning the Fresh-water POLYPUS; AN INSECT, which hath this surprising Property, That being cut into several Pieces, each Piece becomes a perfect Animal, as complete as that of which it was originally only a Part. Collected and Published by CROMWELL MORTIMER, M. D. &c. *Secretary of the* ROYAL SOCIETY.

Fielding's own title page read:

> SOME PAPERS PROPER to be Read before the R__L SOCIETY, Concerning the Terrestrial Chrysipus, GOLDEN-FOOT or GUINEA: AN INSECT, or VEGETABLE, resembling the POLYPUS, which hath this surprising Property, That being cut into several Pieces, each Piece becomes a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as complete as that of which it was originally only a Part. COLLECTED By PETRUS GUALTERUS, But not Published till after His Death.

His next page identified the paper as "PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS. For the YEAR 1742-3," and gave the contents; and this was followed by an "Abstract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenscrach* in *Germany*, communicating Observations on the CHRYSIPUS." And his own preface to the report read: "*Observations and Experiments upon the* TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, by *Mynheer* Petrus Gaulterus. *Translated from the* FRENCH by P. H. I. Z. C. G. S." And to add the final touch of "authenticity," Fielding copied the diagram that in Trembley's paper had pictured "*The Figure of the Fresh-water* Polypus, *sticking to a Twig*," with a carefully labeled picture of his own: "*The Figure of the* TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS *sticking to a Finger.*"



Declaring that "THE Animal in question is a terrestrial Vegetable or Insect, of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several Years, as may be seen in N°. 000. Art. 0000. and N°. 00. Art. 002. and N°. —— Art. 18," Fielding (as the editor, Rottenscrach) proceeds with learned

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documentation, to explain his diagram —a picture, of course, of the English guinea. This equivalence of the polypus and the coin presents Fielding with the opportunity to indulge in the kind of ingenious parallel that he, like Swift, took so much pleasure in exploiting. He ponders whether the "Chrysipus" be animal or vegetable (as the virtuosi had with the polypus), and the fact that finally dissuades him from pronouncing it the former is "that I could never observe any Symptoms of voluntary Motion"—although he adds: "But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive Motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a Motion to it. Indeed some Persons have made them fly all over the Town with great Velocity."

Quoting verbatim Trembley's account of the polypus trapping its prey, Fielding observes that there is a fundamental difference here: "Instead of conveying an Insect twice as large as its own Mouth into it, in Imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or Pouch of an *Insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched Animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its Prey, that if the *Insect* (which seldom happens) makes any Resistance, it summons other *Chrysipi* to its Aid, which in the End hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its Pouch." Again, Trembley made much of the fact that the polypus seemed to reproduce without copulation; so Fielding (now as Petrus Gualterus) announces that, despite the fact that "they have no distinguished Place by which they bring forth their Young," he has seen the Chrysipi multiply under his very eyes: "I have for Sixty Years had under my Eye Thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them Night and Day, I have never observed any thing like the common Animal-Copulation."

FOCUSING more directly upon Peter Walter's ill-famed usury, Fielding has Gualterus further declare that in his assiduous experiments he found that with only two Chrysipi or guineas, he was unable to produce another complete Chrysipus: "Upon this, I tried a Hundred of them together; by whose marvelous Union (whether it be, that they mix Total, like those Heavenly Spirits mentioned by *Milton*, or by any other Process not yet revealed to human Wit) they were found in the Year's End to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete Chrysipi." Indeed, he says, he has sometimes made them produce ten or twenty; but the latter has been held, he admits, a dangerous

experiment, not only for the parent Chrysipi but for the ears of the philosopher himself. Likewise, after quoting verbatim and at length from Trembley's account of his experiments in cutting up the polypus, Fielding (now as Rottenscrach, the communicator of Gualterus' paper) contrasts the procedure with the Chrysipus:

"Now in the Division and Subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the Metabolic or Mutative, not by the Schystic or Divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter Method; but, like that great Philosopher the Elder *Pliny*, they have perished in their Disquisitions, as he did, by Suffocation. Indeed there is a Method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the Metabolic: But this too is dangerous; the ingenious *Gualterus* never carried it farther than the Metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty two Parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great Art."

He had previously explained that the normal division of the Chrysipus was into "one and twenty Substances" (that is, shillings), which could then again "be subdivided, each of them into twenty four" (half-pence). "These subdivided Parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent Quality: Notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest Observations upon his own Experience, they all adhered with equal Tenacity to his own Fingers."

Having discussed the question of longevity and the best method of preserving the Chrysipi (which is "in Bags or Chests, in large Numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone,") Fielding describes the habitat of the guinea:

"The *Chrysipus* is to be look'd for in Scrutores, and behind Wainscotes in old Houses. In searching for them, particular Regard is to be had to the Persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same Houses, by observing which Rule, you may often prevent throwing away your Labour. They love to be rather with old than young Persons, and detest Finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the Pockets of laced Cloaths, and hardly ever in gilded Palaces."

Promising a treatise by Gualterus on "several sure Methods" of procuring the Chrysipi, Fielding leaves his direct satire of Peter Walter and his parody of M. Trembley, to offer some ironic conclusions of his own: "I come now, in the last Place, to speak of the Virtues of the *Chrysipus:* In these it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one single Virtue is recorded, but all other Animals and Vegetables whatever." And its virtues are: first, that it will make a man talk or stop talking, be blind or deaf or what you will, if applied in the proper quantities; second, it has "a most miraculous Quality of turning Black into White, or White into Black," or, like a prism, reflecting what color it pleases; third, "It is the strongest Love-Powder in the World"; and finally, to give an idea of its medicinal quality: "It is a Medicine which the Physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a Dose of it."

Fielding had echoed William Bentinck's emphatic declaration in his own prefatory letter from "Heer Rottenscrach" (*"I can answer for the Truth of the Facts contained in the Paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times"*) and now he has him conclude the report with a similar ringing declaration: *"Facts like these I have related, to be admitted, require the most convincing* Proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such Proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious Reader to the Treatise I have abovementioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may."

We may add, as Fielding did, a "POSTSCRIPT. Since I composed the above Treatise, I have been informed, that these Animals swarm in *England* all over the Country, like the Locusts, once in SEVEN Years [that is, at election time]; and like them too, they generally cause much Mischief, and greatly ruin the Country in which they have swarmed."

—HENRY KNIGHT MILLER,
in *"Essays on Fielding's Miscellanies"*
(*Princeton University Press, $10*)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXV

THE SHY AND GENTLE LADY WHO WAS FIRST TO "SEE" THE INNER CORE OF EARTH

Modesty Obscures the Light of Denmark's Inge Lehmann

INGE LEHMANN, a Danish woman, the discoverer of the earth's inner core, is one of the world's most distinguished seismologists. She has devoted a lifetime of careful scientific work to the study of the earth's interior. Several years past "retirement," she is still energetically continuing these studies. What sort of person is she?

The answer to this question is implicit in the sort of work she has done. In order to understand her, we must discuss the methods of seismology.

If an earthquake is observed at a succession of stations at increasing distance from the epicenter, it is found that a smooth curve may be drawn relating the distance from the quake center to travel time of shock waves generated by the disturbance. The apparent velocity at which the waves reach distant points is very much higher than the velocity to nearby points. This indicates that the ray reaching the distant points has penetrated deep into the earth where the velocity of wave propagation is very much higher than at the surface.

By studying the shape of these travel-time curves, seismologists are able to define the layering within the earth and to determine the physical properties within these layers. Unfortunately, very slight changes in the curve can make very large changes in the resulting structure and the work must be done with painstaking attention to detail.

There are two aspects to the problem. Records from many seismograph stations must be examined to obtain the best possible travel-time curves and these in turn must be interpreted with the greatest precision and with a full understanding of the mathematical limitations of the data. It is a tribute to the precise observations and incisive mind of Miss Lehmann that she has made a distinguished career within this difficult area of research.

Miss Lehmann's very important discovery of the earth's inner core came from studies of this sort. The travel-time curve for the strong longitudinal wave of an earthquake ends suddenly at an arc distance of 105°, measured around the earth's circumference from the point where the quake occurs. At a distance of 142° of arc, waves coming directly from the quake again make an appearance. Observers between 105° and 142° of arc from the place of the earthquake's origin are standing, then, in the shadow of something beneath their feet that is comparable to a brick wall cutting off slanting rays of the sun shining overhead. It was recognized as early as 1910 that the shadow zone indicated the existence of a core within the earth and that the waves registered beyond 142° were the result of refraction by the spherical lens formed by this core. Observers could congratulate themselves that everything fitted together very well.

As usual in geophysics, this complacency was short lived. Evidence began to collect that the something that threw the shadow underfoot was not as much like a brick wall as had at first been supposed. Some weak waves from the earthquake were getting through whatever created the shadow. What were these waves and how did they get through? In the early 1930's Hugo Benioff, of the California Institute of Technology, developed a new seismograph of extreme sensitivity. It could detect waves much weaker than the weakest that older instruments were able to record. As this finer instrument of Benioff's became widely used, observers saw that the weak waves being picked up in the shadow zone were not freaks of some kind but direct earthquake waves. Soon it was realized that these weak waves always had been arriving in the shadow zone. They simply hadn't been noticed before. The strong waves had got all the attention because the older seismographs were especially tuned to strong waves.

It was impossible to explain the minor reverberations by the then-existing model of the earth's interior. The puzzle continued until Miss Lehmann pointed out that the weak, late-arriving waves must be bouncing back from an inner core. She estimated the depth and physical discontinuity at the boundary of this inner core and explained not only the observed travel times but also the observed amplitudes. Subsequent work has supported her hypothesis.

I said earlier that Miss Lehmann is the sort of person you would expect from knowing the work she has done. Her work is brilliant, painstaking, and a little academic—and so is she. But the academic exterior is belied by a warm smile and bright and interested grey eyes. She brings to her life the same zest that she brings to her work. As a Dane, she inherits a great love for the outdoors; as the daughter of a distinguished professor of psychology, she inherits enormous intellectual curiosity, and a love of the arts.

Seismologists, in common with other geophysicists, have many opportunities to travel, and she has profited by these opportunities to indulge her two loves, the outdoors and the arts. I believe she knows well the inside of every art gallery in Europe and most in America. At various times in the past she has mastered both the Austrian and French techniques of skiing, although she now limits herself to the more simple trail skiing of Norway. Spare and tall—an indefatigable walker—she is equally at home in the luminous beech groves of her native Denmark or the flaming forests of the Canadian autumn. She and I have together climbed to the Col d'Iseran, the highest motor road in Europe, and two summers ago she led my family to the top of a bright moun-

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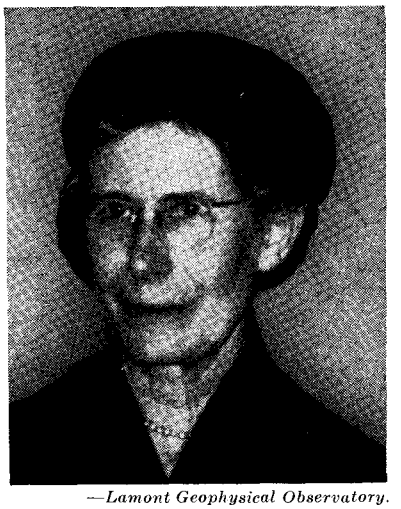
tain in Sweden where we ate our picnic lunch looking down over the glittering blue Kattegat; afterwards we climbed down again to plunge in its cool waters.

MISS LEHMANN graduated in mathematics from the University of Copenhagen at a time when women were not welcome in the masculine world of science. Nevertheless, she joined the staff of the Danish Geodetic Institute in Copenhagen. Geodesy even today is not a field in which women are generally greeted warmly, and the young, shy but determined female must have presented something of a problem to her fellow geodesists. About this time, a seismological section was set up within the Institute, and Miss Lehmann was assigned to it. Never one to be content with doing a mediocre job, she soon obtained leave of absence and went to Germany where she studied seismology under the outstanding seismologists of the day. Upon returning to Copenhagen she took charge of the seismological station and maintained it as one of the important European stations until her retirement in 1954. She also was responsible for the installation of seismograph stations at Ivigtut and Scoresbysund in Greenland; this was before the days of trans-Atlantic aircraft, and she had to travel by ship to these remote outposts to install her seismographs.

During her years as chief seismologist for Denmark she wrote many papers dealing with the interpretation of travel-time curves and with many other aspects of seismology. In everything she did, extreme accuracy and attention to detail marked her work. During this period also she was very active in international seismology, attending meetings of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics from the time of its inception, and she was one of the founders of the European Seismological Association. In these international gatherings she has seldom needed an interpreter. Since girlhood, English and German have been as comfortable to her tongue as her native Danish; she knows French well and is friendly with Italian.

On two occasions in the foregoing remarks, I have placed the word "retirement" in inverted commas. This is necessary, for retirement has meant for Inge Lehmann no relaxing of work but simply a relief from the routine of station operation. Since giving up the responsibility of her station she has travelled widely, carrying on her research in many institutions—the California Institute of Seismology, the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa, but particularly in the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University. During all this period there has been one underlying theme to all her research—the re-interpretation of the structure of the earth—particularly in the zone, down to a depth of 400 or 500 kilometers, which is known as the upper mantle. She has studied the travel-time curves for both longitudinal and shear waves, comparing the curves obtained in eastern and western North America with those obtained in Europe. This work is particularly significant as geophysicists embark on the Upper Mantle Project [see *SR*/Research for February 1961] for all studies of the upper mantle depend, to some extent, on the sort of work which she is doing. Once the layers within the mantle, and the velocities of wave propagation within these layers, have been determined precisely, it will be possible to assign a more accurate density distribution to the mantle; this in turn will permit a more accurate estimate of pressures and of elastic properties, and from this petrologists will be able to infer rock types with greater confidence than now.



—*Lamont Geophysical Observatory.*

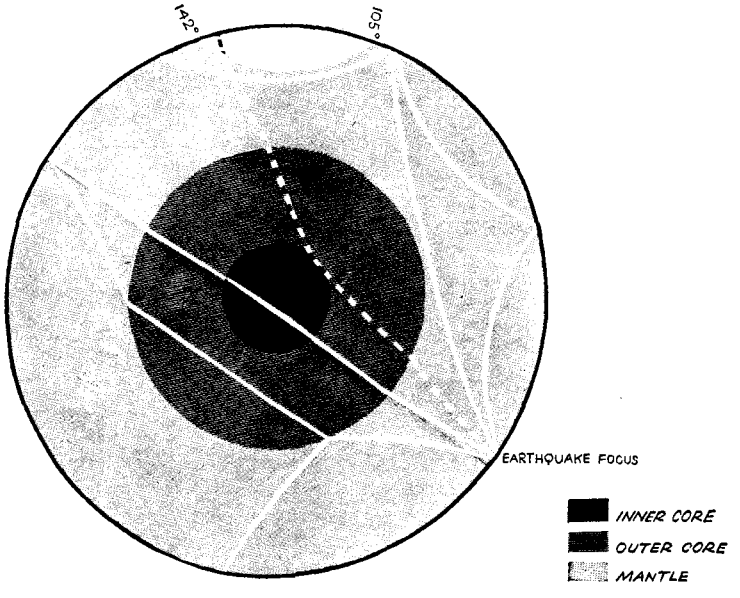
Inge Lehmann

Since her retirement Miss Lehmann has made frequent visits to the United States and Canada but we have never succeeded in keeping her here for very long. Her roots are in Denmark. There she must return at frequent intervals. The real heart of this attraction is a small, whitewashed cottage with a red-tiled roof, overlooking a wood and a quiet lake. Here, while pears ripen on a tree espaliered on the cottage wall, with birds stealing the ripening cherries and the murmur of bees in the lavender, she works undisturbed. Whenever she has been too long away, her cottage calls her back. She pretends that she is worried about her roses, but we suspect that she really wants the slower pace of her native land and the quiet of her country retreat.

What is her attitude to modern seismology, to all the opportunities made possible by electronic computers, enlarged budgets and the uniform seismic networks that international seismology is preparing? Envy! She would gladly trade her discovery of the inner core for a chance to start over again in these intellectually stirring times.

—JOHN HODGSON.

Dr. John Hodgson is Chief of the Seismic Division of Canada's Dominion Observatory in the city of Ottawa



EXISTENCE OF EARTH'S INNER CORE went unsuspected for centuries. Earthquake waves were believed to travel only in lines like those marked here in solid white, either bouncing back from the surface or being refracted by the outer core. Because of geometrical laws, shadow zone at top was bypassed. Then late, weak waves (dotted line) were discovered entering shadow zone. Inge Lehmann traced them backwards, finding the inner core.

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Editorial

Continued from page 20

issue, rather than Berlin alone. If the Soviet wishes to take the position that it is stonily opposed to any attempt to settle differences among nations on the basis of world law and world will, then the entire human community should consider the implications of this fact. In any event, the issue of Berlin is not just whether the United States is right or the Soviet Union is right. The issue is whether the contending nations have the right to proceed without regard for the lives and opinions of others. Mankind is involved and mankind has a right to be consulted. There can be no more hideous arrogance than is represented by a policy that involves other peoples without their fullest participation in any determination.

Not until the United Nations is made central in any attack on the Berlin problem, and not until the power of world public opinion is tapped, can we or anyone say that the only alternative to Soviet intransigence in Berlin is nuclear force.

At the beginning of his article, Joseph Alsop speaks of the courage and nobility of the Athenians in confronting the Persians. He points to the organic connection between magnificent dreams and magnificent boldness. The relevance of that analogy cannot be doubted. But there is another analogy that comes to us from ancient Greece. There came a point where the peoples of the Greek world—separated by differences of ideology, politics, language and custom—could not survive unless the Greek states themselves created a structure of law binding on all. The failure to act on this challenge cost Greece its life.

—N. C.

A Lecture on the Natural World

By Anthony Ostroff

SEE how the little snake
Learns to strike!
The innocent spasm
Is ignorant even of its venom.
Look, the rhythm repeats.
His infant length lashes out
Like its own heartbeats.

How, by rote, we strive
To stay alive
Is today's lesson.
You see by this baby snake reason
Is nothing next to fright.
He fears himself, and tries to strike
The dust, and learns to fight.

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WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

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PERSONALS

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

METEROLOGICAL PHENOMENON responsible for fantastic automotive bonanza. Save $684 on slick little NEW Morris 1000 Sedan. Save $410 on delightful NEW Austin/Morris 850 Sedan. Your choice at just $995 (each of course). Distributor sending distress signal. Bail him out and get a handsome buy. J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 East 64th Street, NYC TEmpleton 8-6100.

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WANTED: Graphics, manuscripts and printed materials on the 17th-18th Century physical appearance of Philipsburg Manor, Upper Mills. This agricultural, milling, and trading center was the Philipse family headquarters at North Tarrytown. Reply Box 245, Tarrytown, New York

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

TUTOR—Must be college graduate with knowledge of child study to tutor normal 8-year old girl. Necessitates living full time in private home in Ohio. Good salary, supplemental benefits, private room and maintenance. Travel U.S.A. and abroad with family. Write giving qualifications to Box T-759.

"PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT FEAR," a hilarious yet practical cartoon booklet teaches the joys of automatic photography. Send 25¢ to Afga, Inc., 516 West 34th Street, New York 1, N.Y.

INTERESTED IN MONEY? Have something interesting, humorous to discuss on TV? Call Miss Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC before 6 P.M. weekdays.

YOUNG MAN, late twenties, intelligent, personable, adaptable, disenchanted with rat race, seeks Caribbean employment. Consider anything. Box T-767.

ARTIST'S AGENT WANTED: California professional painter seeks qualified agent to handle all exhibiting and selling on commission basis. Box T-773.

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WANTED: Translating work, scientific German into English. Experienced translator. E. Lanzl, 411 Douglas, Park Forest, Illinois.

GEORGE WELLS UNIQUE RUGS can be found this summer at The Hampton Gallery, Amagansett and Dru Dunn, Ogunquit. Friendly lobsters, whales, turtles, pigs, game birds and old decoys. Strawberries and Abstracts.

INVALUABLE STUDY AID. Most frequently used French or Spanish idioms and phrases on flash cards. Foreign idiom one side, English equivalent on reverse. 250 cards, boxed. $1.25 each set. Educator-Systems, Box 183, New York 16, N.Y.

WOMAN with young child wants lebensraum with other young children nearby at low rent or in exchange for services—educational, child-care, typing, imaginative. Preferably northern California, southern Europe, or anywhere stimulating. Box T-781.

MALE resident secretary-aide, single, to bachelor, winters Florida. Gentleman wishing permanent high class artistic home living. Give full particulars, present photograph. Box T-785.

COUPLE seeks cottage—New England seacoast; island. September 9th-23rd. Box T-770.

WANTED: Middle-aged housekeeper to live in Westchester home of cultured gentleman and daughter. Light cooking. Intelligent, educated and efficient. Box T-766.

RESEARCH is being done on experiences of Maine expatriates working-studying NYC. Any information would be appreciated. Box T-764

PERSONALS

YUGOSLAVIAN GIRL, visiting H.S. student, seeks home as paying member with American family having children same age. NYC vicinity. References exchanged. Box T-772.

EXPERIENCED TUTOR — Russian, French, English. Columbia M.A. Call mornings UNiversity 4-3978 NYC.

WEATHERBEATEN Maine lobster buoys. $2.98 plus postage. Graf, Lookout, Maine.

BACHELOR, 27, desires share his Los Angeles home with gentlemen 18-30. Foreigner/student O.K. $30 (with board, $70) monthly. Box T-777.

PH.D.—History, German, Russian seeks Far West position. Box T-793.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

NURSERY ADMINISTRATOR WANTED for dynamic private school NYC. Creative and exceptionally competent staff. Experience essential. Box T-741.

MATURE WOMAN, good disposition and character, who can live and travel with and teach Spanish to delightful American Lady. Connecticut. Please write Box T-589.

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GIRL FRIDAY—learn politics thru eyes of civic organization. 4 hours daily—$40.00. ORegon 9-3730 NYC.

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE—FEMALE. Diversified, well established company located major Texas city has exceptional opportunity for woman with strong research, report writing background. Responsibilities include researching, analyzing, writing on political-economic topics affecting business. Travel up to 50% internationally-domestically. Degree required—political science, economics or related fields. Graduate work desirable. Keen analytical ability; must write well, work independently. Salary to $15,000 depending on experience-qualifications. Reply in confidence. Full details-background, experience, current compensation. Box SR 575, 125 West 41st Street, NYC 36.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

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VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES—Lake, Mountain and Meadow; build, remodel, or move in. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

VIRGINIA — Choice waterfront homes. All types, prices, sizes. Mabel Billups, Mathews, Virginia.

STOWE, VERMONT—Restored 10-room old house, view, about 2 acres, blacktop road. $27,500. Joan Reed, Stowe, Vermont.

For Rent—Furnished

DARTMOUTH VICINITY—1789 farmhouse. Completely modernized, 8 rooms. September-June $125 monthly. Box T-599.

FRENCH COTTAGE completely furnished Yvoire, France. Charming XIV century walled village on Lake Geneva. Large living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, studio, bath, kitchen, central heating. Car provided. Available September-May. Box S-787.

WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT—Lovely home, furnished, spacious grounds, available September, October. Adults only. Rental for period $600. Box T-722.

VIRGINIA — Waterfront homes for rent by month or year. Furnished—unfurnished. Mabel Billups, Mathews, Virginia.

FALL COLORS, MOUNTAINS. Attractively furnished house—2 bedrooms, baths. Three months $600. References. Phone Asheville, North Carolina: 252-1969. Box T-768.

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(Continued from page 41)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

NEW ORLEANS—Historic French Quarter building. Winter season. Box T-747.

DOWNTOWN EFFICIENCY APARTMENT. Winter season. 11 Stewart Street, Kissimmee, Florida.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

MANHATTAN, near Columbia — Choice 4½ room apartment. Sublet one year. Beautifully furnished, modern, washing machine. Excellent transportation. Professionals preferred. Box T-789.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

UPPER MANHATTAN—Beautiful river view, private bedroom plus piano, Hi-Fi. Transportation nearby. WAdsworth 3-8259.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Furnished

DUTCH PHYSICIAN, fastidious family, daughter 12, son 2, suitable apartment September 16th-November 11th, near New York University Medical Center. Box T-775.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

GRAMERCY PARK, NYC. 4 room apartment overlooking park. Woodburning fireplace. Monthly maintenance $183. Highest references required. Box T-586.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT—Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, mountain and lake view land, timber tracts for recreation and investment. From 1 to 1,000 acres in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom at $10 per acre and up. Near proposed thruways. For brochure write Box T-584.

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FOR SALE—Near Sugarloaf Mt. ski area, Maine—Successful and finely furnished apparel and sporting goods store. Owner retiring. Mrs. Dorothy Carville, Stratton, Maine.

CAMPS

THE APPEL FARM. Art & Music Center for Children is a unique combination of fun—arts—farm life—family life. Ideal for first time campers. Part season enrollment available. Brochure. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

THE FALES. Berkshires. Individual cottages—fireplaces—excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

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WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

VACATIONS

SUMMER ON FARMS and hotels welcoming children. Also off-beaten-track resorts. Call LOraine 8-0700 NYC.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. Special summer rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SHADOWOOD INN—the Rosenbergs, Lenox, Massachusetts, Telephone 8014. Near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow. Congenial, informal atmosphere. Jewish-American cuisine. Brochure and rates upon request.

INTERESTING ACCOMMODATIONS, animals, food, friends, pastimes. West River Lodge, Newfane, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern. Grafton, Vermont.

TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL: glorious lake, deep woods, fine food, good Hi-Fi music, plenty to do or just relax off highways far from town but near Tanglewood, ballet, jazz, theatre festivals. Rustic lodge and cabin colony for business and professional people seeking an informal, congenial, unique vacation at moderate rates. Ideal swimming, boating, excellent tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, game room, card-chess-scrabble room, 1,000 volume library, loafing patio, stereo concert grove. See Folder T. D.H. recommended. CHANTERWOOD, Box 131, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

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READY TO RELAX and enjoy Summer on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

MAINE—LAKE VIEW, mountains, too. Look, loll, fish, swim. Housekeeping cabins on Rangeley Lake. Every modern convenience. Boats, motors. Folder. Rangeley View Camps, Rangeley, Maine.

THE CIVILIZED PLACE in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

FISHING VILLAGE. Air, 18th century house, private beach, 9 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer—Gaspe Peninsula. And Food. For the creative professional and the non-tired businessman, alone or bringing a family. Accessible by air, highways. June 1st to September 20th. Write us: L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

TRAVEL

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WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

NEAREST THE United Nations the nicest hotel . . . you'll agree . . . is the TUDOR. Many of your fellow-guests here are from the United Nations. Quiet, comfortable, handy to shops, theatres and the "sights." Singles from $6. Doubles from $9. Garage. Write Hotel Tudor, 304 East 42nd Street, NYC, or Telephone Area Code 212—YUkon 6-8800.

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AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1428

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stripper.	50 76 29 167 113 136 163
B. Feeble-minded.	131 63 75 147 11 72 48 96
C. Followed by "memories and of sighs" what Walter Savage Landor consecrated to Rose Aylmer (2 wds.).	65 51 130 2 12 149 70
D. One who delights as by a spell.	153 57 148 142 36 104 1 179 91
E. Aficionado of music or the theater who attends a performance even though the seats are all sold.	146 44 99 5 174 185 90
F. Alecto, Megaera, and Tisiphone.	141 111 16 43 87 164 152
G. One consequence of speed (2 wds.).	118 128 37 120 160 58 71 19 22
H. Having a very flat nose with the end turned up.	41 13 107 105 187 127
I. Pursue unrelentingly.	184 82 10 125 161
J. What impoverished noblemen in the Victorian novels were ever seeking with their wives (3 wds.).	159 166 157 129 54 98 30 140 189 4 93 173
K. Toward the right.	151 33 97 89 171 69 9
L. Completely powerful to make everything.	156 114 132 23 59 64 77 188 15 18

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Frivolity.	117 138 45 52 106 112 80 175 21
N. Traffic in that which is sacred.	95 134 62 116 17 49
O. Card game beloved by the small fry (2 wds.).	103 168 186 86 145 67 144
P. Lacking harmonization (2 wds.).	150 8 183 143 158 31 94 100 39 126
Q. Like molasses.	81 7 84 85 122 169 108
R. Home of the Brontës.	178 46 165 26 55 6 32
S. Producing a result which is expected to remain in force.	56 135 24 66 177 137 181 119 38
T. Underworld slang for a successful escape from pursuers.	162 42 154 74 109 124 115
U. Resume possession, only by the anagram of a miracle.	34 3 73 133 172 102 20
V. Balance due.	28 60 35 123 78 180
W. Comfortable, luxurious living (2 wds.).	88 110 53 155 47 176 27 139
X. Redundantly named actress from France (full name).	101 92 79 61 68 170 40 121 83 14 182 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 D	2 C	3 U		4 J	5 E	6 R	7 Q	8 P	9 K	10 I	11 B	12 C	13 H	14 X
15 L		16 F	17 N	18 L	19 G		20 U	21 M		22 G	23 L	24 S	25 X		26 R	27 W
	28 V	29 A	30 J	31 P	32 R	33 K	34 U		35 V	36 D	37 G	38 S		39 P	40 X	41 H
42 T	43 F	44 E	45 M	46 R	47 W	48 B	49 N		50 A	51 C	52 M	53 W	54 J	55 R	56 S	57 D
58 G		59 L	60 V	61 X	62 N		63 B	64 L	65 C	66 S		67 O	68 X		69 K	70 C
71 G	72 B	73 U	74 T		75 B	76 A	77 L	78 V	79 X	80 M		81 Q	82 I		83 X	84 Q
	85 Q		86 O	87 F	88 W	89 K	90 E	91 D	92 X	93 J	94 P	95 N		96 B	97 K	98 J
99 E	100 P	101 X	102 U	103 O	104 D		105 H	106 M		107 H	108 Q		109 T	110 W	111 F	112 M
113 A		114 L	115 T		116 N	117 M	118 G		119 S	120 G	121 X	122 Q	123 V		124 T	125 I
126 P		127 H	128 G	129 J	130 C		131 B	132 L		133 U	134 N	135 S	136 A		137 S	138 M
139 W	140 J	141 F		142 D	143 P	144 O		145 O		146 E	147 B	148 D	149 C	150 P	151 K	
152 F	153 D	154 T		155 W	156 L		157 J	158 P		159 J	160 G	161 I		162 T	163 A	164 F
165 R		166 J	167 A	168 O	169 Q	170 X	171 K		172 U	173 J	174 E		175 M	176 W	177 S	178 R
179 D	180 V		181 S	182 X		183 P	184 I	185 E		186 O	187 H	188 L	189 J			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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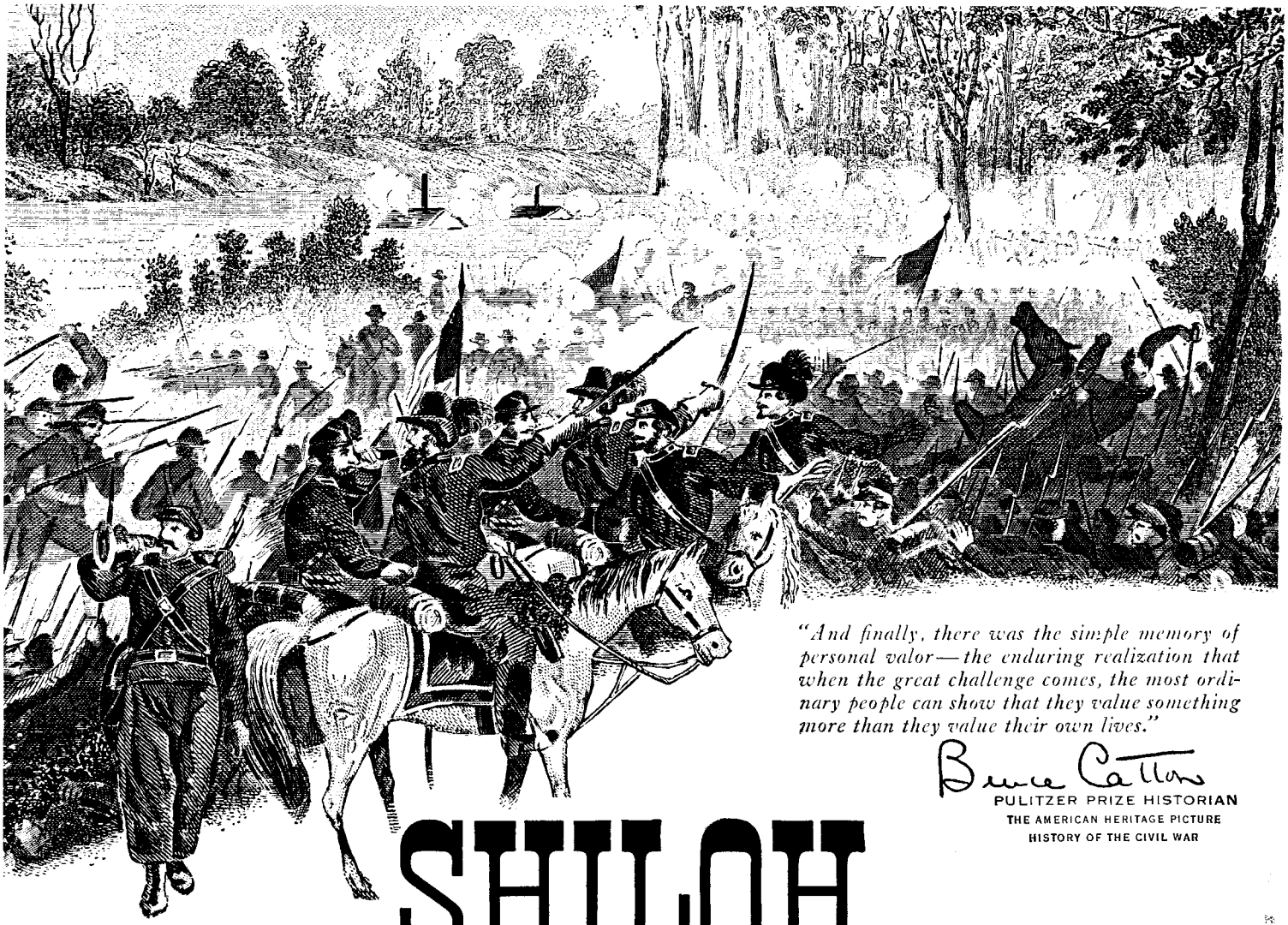

"And finally, there was the simple memory of personal valor—the enduring realization that when the great challenge comes, the most ordinary people can show that they value something more than they value their own lives."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN
THE AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTURE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

SHILOH

the battle fought at a "place of peace"

When the Methodists of Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee built their church, they named it "Shiloh" —a place of peace. But on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, Federals under U. S. Grant and Confederates under Albert Sidney Johnston turned that peaceful churchyard into a shell-torn battlefield.

Shiloh is again peaceful, *and a visit will make you proud that our National Park Service has made it a national shrine.* Mockingbirds sing over the silent guns near the beautiful river bank. The Peach Orchard is heavy with fruit. Bloody Pond, where both Blue and Gray came to share water and bind their wounds, reflects a placid sky. But as you drive through the battlefield, or follow the backwoods lanes Gen. Lew Wallace marched along to Grant's relief (and to later fame as author of "Ben Hur"), you see a thousand reminders of war, and the courage war demands.

With all its historic import, *Shiloh is only one battlefield in this scenic state* which saw such hard fighting. There are Forts Henry and Donelson, where Grant learned to fight in '61. There is Stone's River, where CSA Gen. Braxton Bragg won a battle in '63 and lost a campaign. And there are the heart-pounding cavalry raids of Nathan Bedford Forrest—considered by many today to have been one of the war's greatest cavalry commanders. In your car, you can follow the highway markers that blaze the historic roads his Gray horsemen galloped over, striking the Federals 11 times in 18 hard-riding days.

Few of the men, North or South, who fought in Tennessee were military men. Most were boys who joined up after hearing bugles or distant drums. But in the shock and confusion, the terror and the courage that is war, they became veterans who were proud to fight for their beliefs. In this world of angry challenge, *our generation can take inspiration from their memory*—and learn anew the devotion to duty which values our nation's heritage above even life itself.

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